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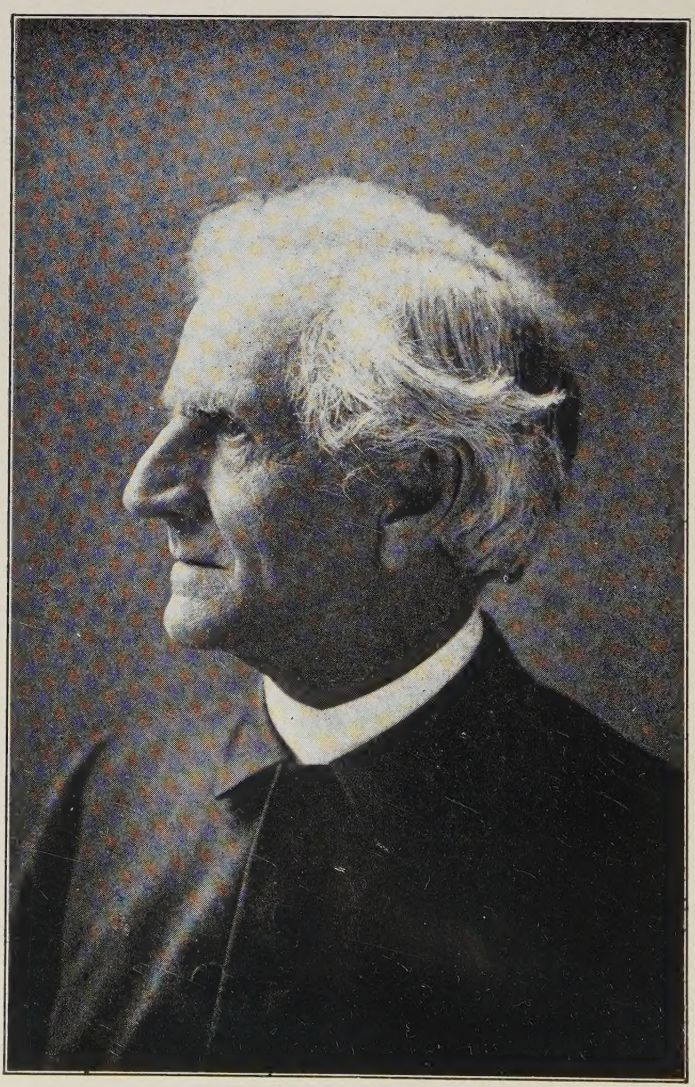

Daniel Bliss in His Seventieth Year.

The Reminiscences of Daniel Bliss

Edited and Supplemented by
His Eldest Son

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Dedicated to
ALL HIS STUDENTS

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I

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

UNITY is the distinctive mark of the life-work of Daniel Bliss. He was born on August 17, 1823, and lived to within a few days of his ninety-third birthday, passing peacefully away, not in any illness, but because his time had come, on July 27, 1916, at his home in Beirût, Syria. Six weeks before his translation, his was the prominent figure at the Commencement Exercises of the Syrian Protestant College, held at the close of its fiftieth year.

This institution had controlled his thoughts for sixty years. This one thing he did. First there was a period of six years, covering his early missionary life in Syria, a period when the idea of the College was slowly germinating. Then followed four strenuous years of direct planning and of the collection of funds, years spent in the United States and in England. Then for thirty-six years he was active President, watching the number of students increase from less than a score to many hundreds.

Then for fourteen years he was the President-Emeritus, still keen in his interest, invaluable in counsel, constant in attendance at University exercises, a benediction of peace and of strength, felt by

all—teachers, students, visitors—as they saw him, with his tall erect figure and wonderful white hair, on his daily walks over the extensive campus; pausing often to look with simple enjoyment at the land he had bought, at the buildings he had erected, at the trees he had planted—or to gaze over the blue expanse of the Mediterranean, at the long line of the stately Lebanon Mountains, among which the idea of the College had first come to birth.

To those unacquainted with his qualities of mind and will, the early years of Daniel Bliss might appear to be out of harmony with his life-work. But to those who know his character the idea of unity as the key-note of his whole life is not disturbed by the story of his youth and early manhood. Indeed we may trace the way in which he moulded the adverse influences of these periods into a quite direct, if quite unconscious, preparation for the unique work which an unforeseen future had for him to do. Obliged to earn his living when but a boy, he laid the foundations for a sympathetic understanding of the problems of students who were to come to him from many a humble home; brought into contact with all sorts of men in business relations, he stored up a varied knowledge of human nature which was later to serve him so well as a practical man of affairs.

Entering college at the age of twenty-five, he turned handicap into advantage, bringing to his belated studies a seriousness of purpose, a maturity of judgment, that extracted from these their

maximum value; having long lacked the opportunities of æsthetic culture, he welcomed their approach with a freshness, an ardour, an appreciation that was to last him all his life; often deprived by the force of circumstances of the "means of Grace," as administered according to any one set rule or formula—when religion finally grasped him, he was ready for a view of religion that was singularly fundamental and simple, enabling him in future years to present the essence of true religion to the followers of many and diverse faiths and creeds.

The story of these early years is told in his own words. It was a happy moment when, in the comparative leisure that followed his retirement from the active Presidency, Mrs. Bliss persuaded her husband to write his reminiscences for his children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. The early reminiscences they now share almost in full with the larger circle of his friends. A preliminary word, however, about his ancestry may be in place.

In "The Bliss Book," Mr. C. A. Hoppin, a Bliss on his mother's side and one learned in genealogy, points out that the name Bliss is of purely Saxon origin, and that it marks the first possessor as a man in humble circumstances but of a happy disposition. Surnames, he reminds us, were introduced into England by the Normans and were adopted by the common people about the middle of the twelfth century. As in Syria to-day, a surname was suggested by the name of the property owned by a

given individual, by his trade, by his father's trade, or by his dwelling-place. When a man had nothing particular to distinguish him, he was apt to receive a nickname, which might stick to the family as a surname. Thus, according to the ingenious Mr. Hoppin, the "first Bliss" owned no land, was skilled in no trade, but was notoriously cheerful. Whatever may have been the condition of this unknown ancestor, the choice of the name Bliss proved to be fortunate for the possessor thereof who came to Syria in 1856. In Arabic the word for "Father of Lies," *Iblis,* is strongly accented on the last syllable. Accordingly, when a Moslem neighbour asked the new Missionary for his name, he was deeply shocked at the word that struck his ear. "Iblis? Iblis?" he said, "That cannot be! What is the meaning of the word in your own language?" "Happiness," said Mr. Bliss. "Ah!" answered the much relieved Moslem, "then I will call you *Khowaja Farah*"—the Arabic word for Joy.

Mr. Hoppin, whose speculations as to this first mythical though surely once existent Bliss we have noticed, finds the first actual mention of the name in the "Hundred Rolls" of 1272 and 1273, which recorded the results of a sweeping inquiry made by Edward III into the condition of Land Tenure in England. Two men of the name of John Bliss are mentioned—both in humble circumstances. One lived in Tyringham, Buckinghamshire, and it is he who is most plausibly regarded by Mr. Hoppin as the veritable Patriarch of the American line. How-

ever likely this may be, there is no documentary evidence in the subsequent Parish Records, which do not begin to furnish an absolutely unbroken chain of ancestry for the American Blisses till the appearance of the names of the Master-Blacksmith of Daventry, Northamptonshire, William Blisse by name, whose will was proved in 1574, when Shakespeare was ten years old. Three grandchildren of this William Blisse,—two brothers, Thomas and George, and their cousin, also called Thomas—Blacksmiths all—emigrated from Northamptonshire to America about the year 1638, and there founded the different branches which produced the thousands of Blisses found in the United States.

From Thomas Bliss, brother of the George aforesaid, and from his wife Margaret, through a line of five intermediate Blisses, was descended the subject of this biography. Thomas died in Hartford, Connecticut, about the year 1650, and his wife at Springfield, Massachusetts, in 1684. From the fact that there are no parochial baptismal records for their children, born in England, Mr. Hoppin infers that their parents were Puritans who had suffered excommunication for their principles. The direct line of Daniel Bliss was long-lived: the average age for the five generations, terminating with himself, is over seventy-five years. The line was also fruitful: Daniel Bliss was one of nine children; his father Loomis was one of seventeen; his great-grandfather was one of thirteen; Samuel, son of Thomas and Margaret, was one of eleven.

But it is time to give place to Daniel Bliss' own story of his early years, written at his home in Beirût, in his eighty-second year. It is indeed a story based on "reminiscences," for, as far as his editor is aware, he kept no journal during these early days. Many of the anecdotes recall to the minds of his children the long, happy evenings, when we heard them from his own lips, as we sat before the Winter fireside in our home by the Syrian sea.

II

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH

I WAS born on the seventeenth of August, 1823, in Georgia, Vermont. My father, Loomis Bliss, was born July 15, 1773, in Western (now Warren), Massachusetts. My mother was Susanna Farwell; her mother was a Grout, a relative of Mrs. Grout, who was carried off by the Indians in the early history of the Colonies. My father was one of the seventeen children of my grandfather. When an infant, my life was despaired of on account of some skin disease. It is said that my mother's hopes revived when old Doctor Blair remarked, "A child who can yell and kick like that will not die yet." Very likely the yells and kicks helped on my recovery quite as much as Doctor Blair's pills—a sort of "mind cure," for no kind of skin trouble has appeared on my body for these eighty-two years.

When I was a child in arms, my father moved from Georgia to Cambridge, Vermont, and bought a farm of meadow, pasture and wood-lands. My memory goes no farther back than to the sheep, cows, horses, pigs, hens, geese, turkeys, partridges, squirrels, woodchucks and skunks. The most vivid "scenes of my childhood" are the cold spring

near the tall balsam tree; the gathering of beech-nuts and butternuts in the autumn; checkerberries, blueberries, blackberries, strawberries, raspberries, in their season. The washing of sheep in the river before shearing-time can never be forgotten, when the boys from seven to ten years old are allowed to go down into the water waist-deep and wash the lambs. There was great fun also at shearing-time, when we caught the lambs and brought them to have their tails cut off, and their ears marked. Our mark was one hole *punched* and one notch *cut out* to distinguish them from Mr. Sears' sheep, which had only one hole punched, and from Mr. Perry's sheep, which had only one notch. The one hole and the one notch in our sheep were on the *right* ear to distinguish them from Mr. Gilmore's sheep, which had one hole and one notch on the *left* ear. All owners had their peculiar marks recorded in the town records. When the shearing was over, the wool—each fleece, folded by itself—was sent to be carded, and it was soon sent back in the form of white rolls, about as large as your finger and about eighteen inches long. Then commenced the spinning and the weaving for the clothing of the coming winter. There were no spinning *Jennys* then, but spinning *Girls*. I seem now to see tall, slim, blue-eyed Ann Ober (I was then seven or eight) stepping backward, giving the wheel a turn while she drew out from the roll a portion to be twisted, as the spindle revolved, into a thread for the warp and the woof of the cloth to be. When the thread was

five or six feet long, giving the thread a reverse turn, she would retrace her steps forward with song and laughter, and wind the thread on the spindle; and then step backwards to repeat the process—cheerful and happy.

She would thus work, days, weeks and months. The threads were wound from the spindle, when full, on to the "swifts" into skeins, and from the skeins upon spools, and from the spools upon the "beam"; each thread (one by one to its own place) was drawn through a harness and a reed, three or four feet long, looking very much like a great double back-comb, and so on till the warp was formed. Other skeins were wound from the skeins onto small spools, called quills; these were placed in a shuttle to shoot the threads of the *woof* between those of the *warp,* and then each thread was brought to its place by a sudden *jerk* of the frame that held the reed; and thus the woof was formed by repeated "shoots and jerks." The great inventors have made thousands of adjustments in the manufacture of cloth, but they are all "cunning" applications of the principles that are older than historical times.

When the weaving was finished, the hired girl (no servants then) went home. The flannel cloth was then in part made into shirts for the boys, under-garments for Mother and the girls; and the rest of the cloth was sent to the fuller's to be thickened, coloured, and pressed; and prepared for making coats, vests, breeches, trousers—called "trouses,"

no pantaloons then. When the cloth came from the fuller's and dyer's,—black, brown, blue, butternut or some other colour—then some one who could both "cut out" and sew came to the house and the whole family, from the youngest to the oldest, would be fitted out with warm, home-spun winter clothing. The finest web of cloth, from the finest wool, was coloured blue and from it Mother's dress was made—there was never another dress so beautiful. Ann Ober spun the wool, but there was another wheel of different shape and size for spinning flax. There was no stepping backwards and forwards but a dignified sitting posture with a foot on the treadle. I never saw a hired girl at this wheel, but only Mother with her white ruffled cap, like the women of the olden time. "She layeth her hand to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff. She maketh fine linen. She worketh willingly with her own hands." The cloth made from the flax, some coarser, some finer, was made into bags for holding grain, into sheets, table-cloths, napkins, summer shirts, vests, trousers, etc., under the direction of Mother.

Also the skins of the animals raised on the farm, when they came back from the tanners, were made into boots, shoes and slippers, in the house. There were shoe shops in the villages, and the owners were called shoemakers. Their hired men were journeymen shoemakers, but the man who went from house to house was called "whipcat," and his occupation in going from house to house was "whipping

the cat." The proprietor, the journeyman and the "whipcat" belonged to different grades in the social life. The daughter of the proprietor would hardly accept the attentions of the "whipcat,"—she possibly might those of the journeyman. Why the shoemaker going from house to house making and cobbling shoes was called "whipcat," I have never heard; but so he was called, and is now, in many places.

There were other preparations for the winter which I well remember: the digging and storing of potatoes, the picking and sorting of apples, the making of cider, the killing of pigs and the cow or ox, the salting of pork and beef, the making of sausages, the stuffing of the skins with the prepared meat, the cutting off of the spareribs to be used on occasions. The fare was homely: meat and potatoes; a boiled (biled) dinner of corned beef, potatoes, turnips, cabbage, beets, and Indian bread; apple-sauce made of apples dried in quarters with boiled cider; bean porridge,—not bean *soup,* but bean porridge; eggs new-laid by chickens, turkeys, geese—boiled, baked, fried or roasted; milk, butter and cheese; and there were healthy stomachs to receive them. That spareribs—what eating! Not boiled, not baked, not fried,—no pot, no kettle, no ovens needed,—but the spareribs is hung up before the great log fire with a dripping pan beneath the rib, and the rib is turned round and round until every part is evenly and thoroughly cooked. Then there were the sweet "johnny cake," thick and

light, the raised sweet doughnuts, not raised with saleratus, soda, baking-powder, or any other doubtful device, but by good honest yeast—the true leaven of old Jewish days; and there was—not the pancake, the griddle-cake—but the *flapjack,* or, better still, the *slapjack,* buttered and sweetened with honest maple sugar or molasses; then there were potatoes and milk, hasty-pudding and milk, bread and milk with strawberries, bread and milk with raspberries or blackberries, milk from our own cows, bread from our own corn, potatoes from our own field, berries from our own meadow and fields, and sugar from our own maple trees.

I was never stunted by child labour. Till I was ten years old and more, my work was riding the horse to plough the corn, bringing water from the cold spring, carrying wood to the kitchen, picking up chips, hunting hens' nests. There was plenty of time to play: to chase sheep and to hunt squirrels without a gun but with our old dog Sounder. That old dog Sounder appears before my mind now, tall, black, heavy of limb and slow of movement, for his youthful days were passed. He no longer readily responded to the shout of the boys when they ran to shake off the squirrels from the butternut tree for him to catch. I have reason to remember his lack of enthusiasm for the hunt, for in an attempt to rouse him I lost a bone from my left big toe. It seems hardly fair to bring a charge against old Sounder after seventy-three or seventy-four years. He was not the cause but only

the occasion of my having one bone less in my body than other men.

It was this way it happened. We boys, at school one day, ran a woodchuck into its hole under a wall. We stopped up the hole, and I was requested by the other boys to bring "old Sounder" the next day to catch the woodchuck, when we should dig him out of his den. Early in the morning I sought for old Sounder, and found him sound asleep round the corner of the house, basking in the morning sun, lazy as any old dog might be. My brother, old enough to be my father, was hanging a scythe—that is, adjusting it to its handle, called a snath. The sharp steel blade extended three feet, more or less, at right angles to the snath. Being ready for school, I ran round the corner of the house, shouting "Sounder, Sounder," as was our custom whenever we found a squirrel in a butternut or an apple tree. Sounder roused himself from sleep and followed, as, running, I shouted at the top of my voice. Good for the woodchuck but bad for me, the scythe lay in the path to the gate. No time to go round, I leaped over the scythe, my heart bounding on seeing Sounder following, when my brother shouted "Dan, you have cut yourself." I stopped suddenly, looked down, and saw sure enough the blood was flowing, and a small bone from the big toe of my left foot was hanging down, held by a small fibre of flesh, which some one from the house with a pair of shears cut off, while I yelled,—but not to Sounder.

My grandchildren and great-grandchildren may wonder why my shoe did not protect the toe. Shoes! Boys and girls from ten to fifteen in those days in the country and on the farm enjoyed the luxury, all summer long, of going barefoot—a luxury which every boy and girl longs for, from the heir-apparent in the King's Palace down to the child in the meanest mud hut of the low-grade Hottentot. At the time of this occurrence I was between eight and nine years old. I must have been more or less taught in the facts of the Bible, judging from the train of thoughts following the loss of the bone. That train of thought was so impressed upon my mind that time and again it has recurred to me during my long life; and it was many long years before it ceased to be a great perplexity. The question was how this lost bone left in Vermont could be raised with the rest of my body, which might be buried far out West (my father was then talking of moving to Ohio). I put the question to Father; he, like a wise man, said it was a great mystery, but that God was able to raise the dead. My difficulty remained. It was not a question of God's power, for no child ever doubted His omnipotence. I could not see *how* it was to be accomplished. I seemed to see this bone, cut from the toe, with a multitude of the lost bones of mankind, flying through the air, rising, falling, crossing each other, going east, west, north and south, each seeking its own body from which it had been separated,—by the scythe or the surgeon's knife.

If not then, later on, questions of the Resurrection recurred to perplex the mind. Did the cripple's body, the bow-legged, the hunch-backed, the blind, the deaf, the cross-eyed, the emaciated body of the old man—*rise?*

Twenty years after, more or less, while reading a passage in Paul's letter to the Corinthians, it occurred to me that he had been asked a multitude of questions of seeming perplexity, founded upon a false assumption. Paul, without mentioning these questions in detail, includes them all in the literary phrase, "Some men will say, how are the dead raised up and with what body do they come?" Then he burst out almost with impatience, saying, "Thou fool! these questions and objections are all founded upon the supposition that the particles of matter forming the body of flesh and blood are raised in the Resurrection." Not so. The particles of matter forming organized body, whether wheat, grain, animal or fish, bird or man, are in continual flux,—appearing now in one form, now in another;—to-day in the grass of the field, to-morrow in the ox, the next day in man, and then in the worm, in an endless round of activity.

"Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade and plough disturb our Ancestors,
From human mould we reap our daily bread:
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter through the mighty void the dry.
Earth re-possesses part of what she gives."

As your soul, spirit, life, your immortal part, call it what you will;—as your soul, drew to itself, clothed itself with a mortal body from particles of earthly mould, so your soul will clothe itself with a spiritual body, as truly yours and more truly yours than this body of flesh and blood which cannot enter the kingdom of God. "Thou sowest not the body that shall be, but God giveth a new body," "and to every seed his own body." Since studying Paul I have never, except in memory, seen bones flying in space in search of the old body.

My mother died when I was nine years and eight days old, yet I well remember sitting on a stool by her side, reading my daily chapter from the Bible. I had difficulty from day to day in finding the place where I had left off; somehow the mark got out of its place. Mother said to me: "I can tell you how you can always find your place. Remember the chapter and the verse and you will not need any mark." I was delighted, but the Old Adam in me said, "Do not tell Reuben, Mother." (Reuben was my brother, three years older.) With a look of sweet sadness she repeated: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you," etc., and then followed loving remarks, full of the spirit of Christ, the words of which have long since faded away, but whose influence can never be lost.

I do not remember farther back than the time of my sister Ann's birth, when I was four years old. When six or seven I had the whooping-cough, and was very ill. Mother, sitting by the cradle and

thinking I was asleep, said to some one: "He is a nice little fellow, I shall be so sad to lose him." She used to call me "My little trout," because I was long, slim, and lively, like the brook-trout. Few indeed are the sayings that remain in my memory. My aunts, Mother's sisters, said that she was a most loving mother. I remember the last time she went to church. It was communion day. A Mrs. Parker fanned her as she sat in the pew for the last time. Soon after this communion, Mother passed away, sitting in her rocking-chair. I have never since heard the song "My Old Armchair" without seeming to see Mother drawing her last breath in the old rocking-chair. She was only forty-two when she died.

After Mother's death, my half-sister Eliza kept house for us during a year or more. Soon the family began to break up. Eliza went to Ohio to teach school. The older boys left home. Father changed farms and moved to Jericho, Vermont. Father and we younger boys constituted the family. Finally Father and I were left alone in the house. Once he had to be absent for three or four weeks, and not wishing to leave me alone, dismissed the housekeeper and arranged with a good neighbour across the way to care for me during his absence. Everything went on smoothly for one or two days, but then Chauncy Skinner, son and heir, took on airs, and treated me apparently as a "poor relation" or as an outcast; whereupon I announced to Mr. and Mrs. Skinner that I should return to our

house across the way. They protested, but I went and slept all alone in the rather big house. We had a cow and hens, flour and meal; so I lived on eggs, milk and johnny cake of my own make. It was the time of berries, red raspberries, black raspberries and strawberries. Well do I remember filling a pail full of the finest strawberries to be found, rejecting every imperfect berry, placing on the top of the pail a handful of long stems covered with berries and taking them over to the village, a mile away from the farm.

The first house I stopped at was the village doctor's. The doctor's wife came to the door; she seemed to me then the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She gave me a joyful greeting as if I had been her lost son. She did not know me but she knew that meadow strawberries were more luscious than any cultivated by the devices of man. She said that they were worth more than the strawberries found on the street. She bought them, or rather she took them, and gave me more than the market price. She added that there was "no other boy that could find such berries," and that I must always, as long as the season lasted, come to her. So for six days a week I carried her berries, always trying that every lot should be better than the previous one. I have often thought of that lady and of her most gracious manner, but know nothing of her history, before or after.

It must have been in August, 1836—I being thirteen years old—when Father with his younger

children left Vermont for Ohio. There were no railroads then. We went from Jericho to Burlington in wagons, to Whitehall by steamer, to Buffalo by the Erie Canal, and then by steamer to Fairport, Ohio. From Fairport we all went on foot, ten or twelve miles, to Madison, where we soon settled in the only frame house in that part of the town—all the others being made of logs. After my eldest brother Solomon was married, Father and I went to live with him on his farm in Leroy.

In those years I had a great desire for a higher education. There was an academy at Austinburg where boys could pay their way wholly or in part by manual labour. A boy about my age was going to that school, and I begged Solomon, Father and the rest to allow me to go with him. No one favoured my attempting such a wild undertaking. I remember, although fourteen or fifteen years old, I cried and wept like a baby when my way was utterly blocked. I was so foolish as to wish that I might lose an arm or a leg, or in some way be disabled for manual labour, and then they would be compelled to allow me to prepare myself for a teacher in view of future support. The boy went to Austinburg, and I fell into the routine of work, play and village school, till I was sixteen. Then came a change, and my sojourn from that day till I had a home of my own—seventeen years after—was among strangers. At the end of summer Solomon said to me one evening that his wife was not strong, the children were young, and that she

wished to be relieved of extra care and to be alone. This preamble hardly prepared me for the shock his following words gave me. In a most kind way he suggested that I find a place for the winter where I could do chores for my board and schooling. I passed a most miserable night, realizing that I was without money, without a home, and knowing that there was no one in all our town that wanted a boy to do chores. The next morning Solomon gave me some work to do. I said, "No, I am going over to the South Ridge—the great road leading from Erie to Cleveland—to find a place." "So soon," said he. The first home I called at was Mr. Axtell's tavern. Mr. Axtell was a man of considerable wealth for those times, owning the tavern and a large farm, well stocked. The place seemed to me then as a palace would now. Mr. and Mrs. Axtell, their three grown-up sons, two daughters, servants inside the house, and men about the stables were imposing. Mr. Axtell, on hearing what I wanted, asked whether I could milk cows and take care of cattle. Having received a positive, affirmative answer, he took me into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Axtell and her two daughters were. Then he said: "You are the boy we want; come to-morrow if you are ready." He added: "Your work will be to take care of thirteen cows; feed, water, and milk them, and bring in the wood for the kitchen and parlour stoves." Then I went to Painesville (five miles) and bought a Kirkland's grammar, slate and pencil, and then returned to Solomon's for my last night.

The school which I attended while working for Mr. Axtell was a good one. I commenced grammar in a class of young ladies and boys, who, most likely, had studied the same books, winter after winter. They would rattle off the rules, and say with almost the same breath: "It is an active, transitive verb; indicative mood, present tense, third person singular, and agrees with so-and-so." At first I hesitated at every description of a word, to their great annoyance. But before spring in "parsing" Milton or Pollock's "Course of Time," *they* hesitated. The winter passed most happily. I suppose that sometimes it was not easy to go through the snow and cold in the early morning from a quarter to a half mile to the barn where the cows were—hard or easy I did it, and I did it well. The Axtells made me one of the family. I spent my evenings in the sitting-room with the ladies, studying my lessons and reading. The daughters treated me as a very young brother, of whom they were very fond. One day Squire Axtell was very angry. He saw me carrying wood into the bar-room and inquired: "Who told you to do this?" I replied, "Emery." (His son.) He rushed into the bar-room, and burst out into forcible language, saying to his sons: "Daniel is my boy; you must never under any circumstances ask him to do anything."

School through, I bade good-bye to the Axtells and went in the spring to live for a few months with my brothers Zenas and Harlow, who had bought a lot of wooded land and were chopping down the

timber and preparing the land for cultivation. This was in the spring of 1840, the year the country went wild with boisterous enthusiasm over the campaign, when W. H. Harrison was elected President of the United States of America. In clearing the land, the tall white-oak trees—forty or fifty feet without a limb—were felled, sawed in sections four feet long, halved and quartered, and then rived with mallet and frow into smaller pieces three-quarters of an inch thick, and carted to Fairport and shipped to be manufactured into staves for hogsheads, barrels, casks, and other cooper work. A part of my business was to drive the oxen that hauled the wagon loaded with these rough staves. During part of the summer I kept house for my brothers, frying pork, ham and eggs; boiling potatoes and vegetables; cooking chickens and wild game. At one time I was set to ploughing in this new ground, full of roots. Every few feet the plough would be caught; the oxen would strain, turn round and finally stop. I yelled and screamed at them so that the next day I could hardly speak from hoarseness. Then my brothers relieved me from further work in this direction. The neighbourhood was a bad one; drunkenness and quarreling were common, and, as I learned afterwards, immorality was prevalent. Was it cowardice—moral, physical or both—which led me to hide in the bushes behind the house from two fellows, older than myself and twice as strong as I was, who had asked me in the afternoon to join them in stealing

a beehive, declaring with horrid oaths that they would kill me if I refused. I did refuse. They said: "Wait till evening, and you will see." They came to the house after dark and found me not.

They never after referred to the matter or to anything else of the kind. About this time a good deacon living in an adjoining neighbourhood said to me, "Daniel, I wish you to leave this place." I was frightened lest some one had slandered me, and said to the deacon, "Why, what have I done?" He smiled and said, "Nothing. You are too good a boy to live in such a place. That is all." Thirteen years afterwards the daughter of the good deacon, about my age, recounted to me what her father and uncle had said, how "Daniel Bliss had escaped uncontaminated from the perils of those former days." Soon after the deacon had expressed his anxiety for my well-being, there was a "logging bee." The men of the place came with their oxen to haul the logs together, and roll them in heaps to be burned. It was a fine sight to see ten or a dozen yokes of oxen putting forth their strength in hauling those huge timbers, and to see forty or fifty men with handspikes and skids, laughing and shouting, each gang vying with the others in making the largest pile in the shortest time. It was a fine sight in the beginning—the saddest I ever saw at the ending. Strong drink, the curse of the world, flowed like water, and changed all good feeling into hate, manly strength into brutality. Men cursed, quarreled and fought. When

two brothers began to maul each other, I ran from the field. In the evening, one of the brothers, mad with drink, prowled with gun in hand about the streets to shoot his brother. I had an indescribable feeling of sadness mingled with shame that I should be living in such a place. The sadness and shame did not last long, for out of them, before I went to bed, came a determined resolution to leave the place, after seeing Father, who was then living with Eliza. So the next morning I started off but instead of going round the road to the bridge, six or seven miles, I went direct through the woods, wading Grand River up to my waist, carrying on my head what clothes I had. Father and Eliza exclaimed, "How providential that you have come to-day!" A crisis in my life was at hand and I knew it not. Then Father told me that Mr. Curtiss, part owner and chief manager of the tannery in "Pains-holler," wanted an apprentice; and that he had, the day before, applied to him for me. Father added, "You must go." That settled the matter. Father seldom gave positive commands, but when he did he expected to be obeyed. On the whole, I was glad to get back to the old neighbourhood where I had caught woodchucks, 'possums, and squirrels in the woods, dace from the rapids of the river, bullpouts and black bass from the deep holes under the driftwood, and muskrats along its banks. I remained with Eliza a few days, helped her husband, Mr. Morse, cut and "shuck" his corn, and then went to the tannery. I was to have my

living, clothing, three months' schooling yearly, and two suits of clothing at the end of four years. I had hardly commenced work before Dr. Merriman—the leading doctor in two counties—asked Father to let him have me to train, to teach, and to make a doctor of. Most of the doctors then (there at least) were trained in that way, and not a bad way either. The offer was a most tempting one, but there was no thought of a change of plan. Our word had been given to Mr. Curtiss, and was as sacred as any indenture. I have often wondered what my life would have been if Dr. Merriman had spoken ten days before he did. It is a foolish wonder; for the past in any life may be full of "*ifs*"!

Mr. Curtiss was a man of sterling integrity, common sense, and of much wisdom. Without much education he was fond of debate—especially on religious matters. They called him a Universalist, a Free Thinker, an Infidel. At the close of his life he joined the Methodist Church, but still contended for the Spirit of the Bible, not the letter; not for the precepts and examples themselves, but for the principles underlying them. His reproofs were often severe but effective. Soon after going to him, I made some remark about the Bible. He looked up and said, "Have you ever read the Bible through?" On being answered "No," he replied, "Don't make a fool of yourself, then, by talking about it." It was a small matter, but has been useful to me many a time. One day several men were in the shop discussing some weighty thing,

and I expressed my opinion. When they left, he came by my side and gently parted my hair. I asked what was the matter. "Nothing," said he, "I was only seeing if you had any gray hairs,"—thus reproving me for my forwardness.

He had naturally a refined taste, both in conduct and in dress, and he clothed me in good style. He was very kind, and allowed me often to use his horse and buggy to drive to Painesville—ten miles—to hear some famous preacher or lecturer. He would caution me by saying, "Dan, don't drive fast," and then when I started he would call after me, "Dan, don't let any one pass you on the road; keep up the reputation of the gray mare for speed." He was fond of having me read from Pindar—not the old Greek poet—but from John Wolcott, a writer in the early part of the eighteenth century, who signed himself "Peter Pindar." Wolcott was a painter, clergyman, doctor and scurrilous poet in turn. He had a broad humour, a keen eye for the ridiculous, and a wonderful diction. His favourite object of satire was George the Third. It is said that he was offered a pension if he would desist from his attacks on kings, bishops and great men. Bible characters did not escape.

> "Did not old Nathan tell King David
> That buckish youth that he stole sheep,"

and so on in language not to be repeated. He wrote an Ode to the Devil, commiserating him because

mankind attributed to him all of their own sins. "They make a bridge of thy poor back and damn it when they're over." The volume is full of wit, wisdom, satire and scurrility. I have never seen a copy since. It is not found in many libraries. There is too much in it on the wrong side of the borderline of propriety. We had not many books—none, I might almost say. I read the Bible through more than once, and commenced to commit the New Testament to memory. I am afraid that my object was not of the highest kind; I was fond of controversy, and wished to arm myself for the conflict. About this time, Miller, the famous advocate of the coming Millennium, issued a pamphlet on the immediate coming of Christ. He set the time in 1843, if my memory serves me aright. Many people ran wild over the question. Some left all business. Some became almost mad. These pamphlets and papers, called "Zion," were circulated widely. A pamphlet was handed me by a "believer." Remembering what Curtiss said about expressing an opinion on any subject of which one knows nothing, I went to my room with pamphlet and Bible, and sat up till broad daylight, comparing Miller's statement with a multitude of quotations from the Bible intended to establish them. It appeared to me that most of the references were irrelevant, and that if the Millennium was at hand, Miller had not proved it in his pamphlet.

As I look back, I never opposed what I now believe to be true Christianity, and yet the neighbours

regarded me almost, if not quite, as an infidel. Old Father Abby often spoke to me on the subject of religion with tears in his eyes. One day he said to me, "Dan, you are the most dangerous boy in town. Your influence is very bad." I asked why, what evil I had done. He replied, "None, that is the trouble. If you were drunk half of the time, your influence would not be so bad. You neither lie, swear, drink or quarrel, and others point to you and say, 'Dan Bliss is not a Christian, and yet what a good boy he is.'" After I had been in the Theological Seminary a year my brother took me to see Mr. Abby. He received Reuben with hearty greeting, and me with respectful but cold courtesy. Reuben told him that I was to be a minister and a missionary. The old man came forward, took my hand, and with deep emotion said, "I am so glad. Thank God! I was afraid of you. I knew that you had been to college, had become a learned man, and I was afraid that you had come here to destroy my faith." The sermons I heard in the days of my apprenticeship did not affect me much; most of them were merely emotional exhortations and doctrinal,—which elicited discussion. But now and then some event or a casual remark made a lasting impression on my mind. There is one story in particular which I relate now to my class in moral philosophy, when discussing the duty of unconscious influence. Every class asks, "What is unconscious influence?" In answer, I tell the story, which in brief is this: Hawley was the village black-

smith, a very good and pious man. One day Colonel Pain, the most important man in the county, came into the shop exclaiming: "Idiot, fool, that Hawley is mad." Then he went on to say that, coming along the road through the wood, the snow knee deep, he heard a man's voice as if in distress. On looking about, he saw tracks leading out into the thick bushes. He followed the tracks, and "then," he said, "what do you think I saw? That fool, Hawley, praying." Others in the shop shouted. I was deeply impressed by Hawley's devotion. The class see from the story what is meant by unconscious influence. Hawley, not knowing, not intending, all unconscious of it, exerted an influence upon me.

Soon after commencing my trade, I gained a great victory over myself. I knew the proverb, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city," but I failed to put it in practice. The turning point came. I was left alone one day in the shop, charged with a slight but most responsible piece of work. It was this. Fifty or sixty calf skins, each one by itself, were that day to be put for the first time into the bark extract. According to the methods of those days, these skins were taken out one by one, spread out on a platform one above the other, and then, after ten or fifteen minutes, returned to the vat, one by one, and sunk beneath the ooze as before. For the first day the skins were very slippery, almost as slippery as a piece of elm

bark soaked in water. I drew up about half of the lot, and spread them out: they all slipped in. I repeated the process with better success till two-thirds or more were pulled out; they fell back again, and I yelled and screamed. Again I got nearly all of them on the platform; they slipped back. I seem to hear now the echo of my voice from every part of that solitary tannery, and I seem to see the hook fly from my hand as I hurled it to the farthest part of the building. I sat down in a great rage, one, two, five minutes, I know not how long. Then came a change; call it conscience, call it reason, call it the better self, call it my good angel, call it the Spirit of God, call it what you will; I said to myself, and I said it aloud, "Dan Bliss, this is shameful. You have a good place, a good master, he trusts you,—do your duty." I rose perfectly calm, went across the building, picked up the hook, piled up some of the skins—they fell back. I said, and I said it aloud, "I can do it again." Once more I did the same—they fell back. I said, and I said it aloud, "I can do it again." The third time was a perfect success. After ten or fifteen minutes, I returned the skins to the bark extract, and was the happiest boy in town. Since then I have had annoyances far greater than ploughing among the roots in Madison, or piling up slippery skins in Pains-holler, but never have irritations roused up my spirit into fury.

I learned the trade well, and during the last year of my apprenticeship the establishment was virtu-

ally under my control. Mr. Curtiss had a generous nature and was always ready to commend where praise was deserved. During one stage in the preparing of hides for the tanning process, they must be carefully watched. If they remain in a certain emulsion too long, they are ruined. This emulsion is affected by a thunder-storm as milk is, and acts more powerfully on the skins. One Sunday, at meeting-time, there arose a thunder-storm. I slipped out of the house, hurried to the tannery and commenced to rescue the hides from a perilous condition. Curtiss having learned that I was seen running towards home, came on as fast as he could and assisted in the work. He said, "Dan, were it not for your knowledge and faithfulness we should have met with a great loss." Such a man never has a strike among his workmen. During my last winter with Mr. Curtiss, a select school was opened for ten or fifteen young men and women. I had in a measure outgrown the district school. It was three miles distant, and although it was more expensive, and the going and coming would take two hours from my work, Mr. Curtiss allowed me to go. It was a good school, and the company delightful. I walked daily those six miles, sometimes through snow and rain. Occasionally I rode the gray mare. The firm of Pain, Curtiss & Co. dissolved six months before the term of my apprenticeship ended. They had a legal right to my services for the following six months, but they generously set me free from further work. So in the early spring of 1844 I

was without business and had no abiding place. I was cast down, but for a day or two only. A Mr. Judd, the one who taught school in the Axtell district when I was there, asked me to join him and his brother in the business of grafting fruit trees. Every spring more than a thousand men in gangs of three or four went from Northern Ohio into Pennsylvania, Southern Ohio, Virginia and Kentucky, grafting apple trees with choice fruit. Usually one went in advance to engage jobs, and then the others followed with tools, ladders, and scions. I was sent in advance into Venango and Clarion Counties, Pennsylvania. Besides a prospectus and recommendation, I took with me a few specimens of apples. My first application for a job was a flat refusal. It seems that, years before, a party of this kind had cheated the people fearfully. Having lost or used up their scions, they cut scions from one orchard and grafted the next with them. True or not, this was the reputation of grafters in that place before the word had been degraded to designate certain financiers, as more euphonic than the word "thief." I called on the postmaster and other prominent men, and they assured me that although there was plenty of work to be done, no one would allow strangers in their orchards after their experiences. I told them that we were true men, that my recommendations were genuine, and that I would stay in the place till the postmaster could write to Painesville to assure himself that all was right. They agreed to this and

said that if the answers were satisfactory they themselves would recommend us to the farmers. They gave me a conditional recommendation, and I went to work with no loss of time and with success. In due time, the Judds came on and finished the work. In June two of us returned and counted the living scions, receiving at the rate of $40 per thousand. My share of the net income was over $100.

My experience on this trip was new and interesting and instructive. I lived with the people. There were no hotels except in the larger villages, but every farmer was accustomed to entertain the casual stranger, and receive forty, fifty or sixty cents for supper, bed and breakfast. I was a great talker in those days, and entertained the family circle to the best of my ability, and had one night a jolly time at the house of a young married couple with whom was stopping the school "marm." It was the night for the spelling school, and the "marm" insisted that I should give out the words. I did so, and heard on every hand, "It takes a Yankee to teach school." There were no fifty cents to be paid in the morning, but a hearty "Good-bye," "Come again," instead.

On the trip I saw an illustration of how easily simple, good people are deceived by "quacks" and charlatans. In fact I once acted the part of a charlatan in spite of myself. A little before night I called on a family consisting of father, mother, past middle life, three daughters of a comely age, and a son. I was made welcome and shown into

the parlour. I observed that the boy, with rather a pale face and white hands, was studying his book. The mother and a daughter were busy about the house getting supper, and caring for the milk just brought in from the cow-house. Another daughter made some slight adjustments in the parlour. The third daughter was teasing her mother to permit her to go, that evening, to a party with some one. The mother refused but, after repeated teasing, consented. The father came in, and being appealed to, replied with a loud "No." The daughter said no more. After supper, all sitting before the warm coal fire in the parlour, the old man asked me what my profession was. I told him that I was engaged in soliciting jobs for grafting fruit-trees. "Yes," said he, "I know that. But I think that you are a lecturer on phrenology." (They were found all over the West in those days.) I assured him that I was not a lecturer on phrenology,—that, although I had read some of O. N. Fowler's book, had heard lectures on the subject, had had my head examined, knew where they said some of the bumps were located, yet I knew nothing about the science, and did not believe much in it. My denial seemed to confirm the old man in his opinion that I was a lecturer on phrenology. They all begged that I would examine their heads. Wishing to be agreeable, I consented, and commenced with the boy. I said, "This boy loves study, has a good memory, is not inclined to hard work, will not be a farmer, will study some profession," and so on. "That is it,"

said the old man; "Mother puts him up to it; his hands are softer than the girls'; he won't work, wants to be a doctor." The daughter that was helping her mother to get supper came next. I enlarged upon her domestic virtues. She was her mother's mainstay, always ready to help in all kinds of work. The next daughter was equally useful,—was more artistic, had more taste, was very orderly, could not endure dust, liked to have a place for everything, and everything in its place, and so on. (Applause.) The last daughter came, and I said, "This girl is fond of dress, fond of society, not quite happy unless she can go and come and see people and when the time comes, she would not object to having a 'beau.'" "Capital," said the old man; "something of that kind happened to-night." To the mother I gave a loving disposition, great love of home, great kindliness of heart, and if she had any fault, it was a lack of firmness, a tendency to yield against her better judgment to the wishes of her children. The old man rather sadly said, "Mother, I have often said so." To the old man were given most of the manly virtues, integrity, perseverance, kindness, and especially firmness, and it was added that no child asked the second time, "when you say 'No.'" "That is so," said all. The old man remarked when the examinations were over, "Many phrenologists have been around who claimed to know everything, but who got things wrong oftener than right. You claim not to know anything, and have told us exactly what we are." The next morn-

ing the old man, instead of receiving anything, offered to pay me for my lecture. I never before or since came so near to playing the humbug.

Soon after settling up the grafting business, I commenced work with Messrs. Curtiss and Davis, who had bought a tannery in Geneva, Ohio. In the autumn they asked me to go into company with them on equal terms. Each partner was to receive six per cent. on his capital yearly, and the net earnings were to be divided equally after the interest on capital had been deducted. This arrangement seemed to close the door to my old aspiration for an education, but instead of closing the door, it stimulated the old desire more and more. Sundays were the saddest days of the week, for after the church services there were the long hours of thinking over what I was, and what I wanted to be. Having heard for years before many orations from eloquent men during the campaign when W. H. Harrison was elected President, and again at this time when James Polk was chosen, and when slavery, the Mexican War, and other exciting questions were coming to the front, I longed to be able at some time to mingle in public affairs. Well do I remember how I stopped suddenly from scraping the hair off the cowhides and addressed Cook, the hired man. What I talked about has escaped my memory; whether it was politics, religion, life, or things in general, I know not. But Cook stared with mouth open, and finally said, "Dan Bliss, God Almighty never made you to work in a tannery. Get out of

this." Well, I was vain enough then to be a little flattered by this ignorant, feeble-minded Cook. Soon after this my health gave way, and I had a doctor for two weeks or more. As I now look back and remember his treatment, I must have been suffering from depression more than from bodily ailment, for he gave me more anecdotes and funny stories than pills. Whatever the cause may have been, it was the occasion of bringing on the final crisis. I told my partners that I should withdraw from the firm and sell my interest in it. They accepted the situation, returned to me my few dollars of capital, and a portion of the earnings for the past year and a half. My social relations to the people of Geneva were few, and had no marked influence upon my life. The young men and women were divided into two parties. The one fond of dancing, card playing, and the like, with which I had no sympathy; we called them the Jumping Crew. The other party was fond of plays, games, and small talk, and was called the String-bean Party. The first was too boisterous, the latter insipid. There was little in either to stimulate manliness or thoughtfulness. I never mingled with the former, and seldom with the latter.

General Leslie, a man of ability and learning, however, at one time started a reading club and debating society, in which I found much delight; but soon the novelty passed away, and he and I were the only members remaining. On my bidding good-bye to my friend, General Leslie, he informed

me that a draft might be ordered, as the Mexican War was so unpopular, volunteers would not come forward, and that I would be liable to be called out. He then said that he would be pleased to make me Brigade Quartermaster, so that, if called out, I would not be obliged to enter the ranks. He afterwards send me a letter of appointment.

In the early autumn of 1846 I entered Kingsville Academy, and commenced the study of Algebra, Greek and Latin. On my applying for entrance, Mr. Graves, the Principal, asked my age, attainments and purpose. Being told I was twenty-three, he replied, "A man who intends to go through college should commence Greek and Latin at a much earlier age." I said to myself, with far more confidence than judgment, "I will teach him Greek and Latin before I die." I boarded the first year at Squire Luce's. Mrs. Luce was much surprised (and said so) because I never went out for an evening without telling her where I was going, and when I should return,—an old habit from early boyhood. Some of the deacon's remarks were quaint, wise and useful to me. Elder Sacket, the minister, preached on Election, Free Will, Decrees, etc. At dinner a discussion arose on the subject. Finally the good deacon burst out, "Bliss, you don't know anything about it, I don't know anything about it, Sacket don't know anything about it."

After three months' study, I commenced to teach in a little red schoolhouse on the middle ridge, about a mile from the Academy. The school had

a bad reputation. The larger boys had frequently turned the master out of the house, and broken up the school. I was paid so much a month, and was to "board round." The first day or the second I made up my mind who was the ringleader in the school, and said that, if agreeable to his mother, I would go home with him the next night. The same course was taken with the other leaders. It worked like a charm. The historical bad boys were my best friends. The trustees told me not to include in the number of boarding places the family of Mr. Meacham, for he was a quarrelsome drunkard. The two Meacham boys, between seven and eleven years, were very bright and lovely. Their clothes were never ragged, but were always patched with different colours. My heart went out towards them. They were very poor, and were looked down upon by the other scholars. One day before closing the school I said to them, "Tell your mother that I will come to your house to-morrow night." Many a boy and girl slightly shook the head. The two boys were much pleased. I found the Meacham house small, two rooms only, with little furniture. The wife was tall, good looking, and evidently by nature capable of great possibilities. The husband had a sturdy back, a whiskey face, but was then sober. The evening passed off as pleasantly as could be expected. The little boys were treated much better after that. They begged me to come again. Nearly at the end of the term I went. The man was drunk. He was a noted fighter, and, when

under the influence of liquor, very quarrelsome He had his jug of whiskey, and as the night advanced became more and more drunk. Finally he insisted that I should drink with him. On being refused, he became angry, and swore that he would thrash me. To show anger would enrage him more; to show fear would bring on an attack. He rose, struck an attitude, and with clenched fists and a shake of the head, shouted, "Come on." The wife was alarmed. I said in a low tone of voice, "Meacham, I could thrash you if I could get mad, but I can't get mad at you, Meacham." He laughed a drunkard's laugh and said: "You are a blank-blank good fellow," sat down, dozed a while, and then went off to bed. I tried to comfort the wife, the mother, the woman, by talking of her boys.

The wisdom of the Apostolic injunction, "Let every man be slow to speak, slow to wrath, etc.," was illustrated by the following incident. There was a class of young women from sixteen to twenty years old in the school. While reading, they stood in a row, and I walked up and down in the front of the line. On one occasion while nearly at the head of the class and walking towards the foot I said to one of the girls: "Julia, you may commence." She replied: "I won't." Wrath struggled to express itself. Unconsciously the victory over self in the old tan-yard prevailed, and I walked on, then turned back, and repeated, not in a commanding but rather in a *commending* voice, "Julia, you may commence." She read beautifully. Before leaving

the town at the close of the term, I called at the many homes where I had been made a welcome guest. As I was leaving Julia's house, she said: "Mr. Bliss, I insulted you once and you did not hear me, but I shall feel happier to confess." On learning that I *had* heard, she shed tears of gratitude, and thanked me for not disgracing her before the whole school.

Soon after my return to the Academy, the Principal asked me to become a pupil teacher, while continuing Latin and Greek. I used to teach in the Mathematical Department, to receive my full board and tuition in the Principal's or Vice-Principal's family. At the breakfast table after these arrangements had been made, Deacon Luce said: "Mr. Bliss, you came to Kingsville a perfect stranger. After three months you were invited to teach in one of the most important schools in the township, and next you are invited by the Principal to become a teacher in the Academy. Now in your prosperity, do not, like Jeshurun, 'wax fat and kick.'" I have never forgotten this advice. Mr. Fowler, my teacher in Greek, was an accomplished scholar and took much interest in my work. Mrs. Graves, the wife of the Principal, was a fine Latin scholar, and assisted me much in Virgil, while for six months I was a member of her family. There was a great gathering at Commencement. After many compositions, orations and much music, the Principal announced, "Now the valedictory will be given by Daniel Bliss, who is a candidate for college." It was most natural that I should be given the vale-

dictory. There were only two of us in the class and the other fellow was at home sick.

My friend Hawkins and I had received catalogues from Amherst, Williams, Hamilton and Union Colleges, had studied their courses, the expenses and the facilities for earning something during the course. On our journey East we were to decide which one we should make our home. The night before I left Kingsville, Deacon Whelply said many gratifying things, congratulated me on my past success, hoped that my going to college would be a blessing, etc., and then with a loving shake of the hand he said: "Remember that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." His look, his hand-shake, his words impressed the great truth upon my mind more than all of Sacket's good and great sermons.

Hawkins and I started East by steamer as far as Buffalo, and then proceeded by the Erie Canal. On the way we discussed the question which college we would choose. We soon eliminated Hamilton and Williams from the list. There remained Union and Amherst. At Schenectady the baggageman, in sorting the trunks, came to mine and asked: "Where does Bliss' trunk go?" I replied: "To Albany." He came to Hawkins' and asked: "Where does Hawkins' trunk go?" "To Albany," replied Hawkins. The question was settled. My choice of Amherst was probably owing to the fact that when I had looked over the catalogues, the unconscious impressions in favour of Amherst were greater than those which were consciously received.

III

COLLEGE AND SEMINARY DAYS

THE decision to study at Amherst was destined to influence the life of Daniel Bliss not only for the next four years but for all his days. In Amherst Village he found the wife without whom his life-work could not have had its rounded symmetry. The ideals of Amherst College furnished the inspiration and suggested the model for the great Eastern University which developed under his care. To his death he remained a member of the First Congregational Church at Amherst, which his wife had joined on profession of faith as a girl, and with which he connected himself on his departure for Syria. To Amherst College he sent his three sons, and at Amherst his oldest grandson, Daniel Bliss Second, was matriculated a few weeks before his grandfather's death.

Amherst College has greatly altered in appearance since that Autumn of 1848, but the beauties among which it lies are unchanging. In his missionary home in Syria, Dr. Bliss ever cherished loving memories of the hills that form its surrounding crescent. What a variety of loveliness this crescent shows! Beyond the generous apple-orchards to the south rises, in angular outline, the abrupt wall of the Holyoke range; to the southwest, over against Mount Holyoke proper, and separated from it by the broadly-flowing Connecticut, stands soli-

tary the ample-skirted mass of Mount Tom; to the east extends the long line of the Pelham Hills, with dense forests, touched in Spring with tender green, brilliant in Autumn with scarlet and gold, or smouldering in the lambent crimson after-glow of a Winter sunset; to the north towers the rounded top of Mount Toby, sylvan haunt of Summer picknickers; while in the northeast distance, beyond Sugarloaf, loom the pale and mysterious Ashfield Hills, outposts of the more distant Berkshires.

When Daniel Bliss entered Amherst College it was enjoying a new period of prosperity under the presidency of Reverend Doctor Edward Hitchcock, who also held the chair of Natural Theology and Geology. This combination marks the tendency of the colleges of that time to "reconcile" Science and Religion. This tendency is also illustrated by the list of works by this learned and godly man of Science. Besides his purely scientific books we find such titles as "Religion of Geology and its connected Sciences." Dr. Hitchcock's relations to the students were eminently human. His patience was inexhaustible. His faculty often thought him too tolerant. He relied more on moral suasion than on strict discipline. By receptions given to the Freshmen and Seniors he sought to bring the students in contact with the families of the faculty and with the towns-people. President Daniel Bliss seems, consciously or unconsciously, to have copied the best features of his own President's methods.

In his devotion to the total welfare of the students, mental, moral and social, Dr. Hitchcock had the support of the small faculty, numbering not over a dozen members, of whom eight were full professors. The splendid team-work, the spirit of sacrifice, making it impossible for a professor to confine his interest to his own department, which so long continued to be characteristic of

Amherst College, were then in full play. Towering above his colleagues of that time, or indeed of any time, was William Seymour Tyler, Nestor of American teachers of Greek, affectionately known to thousands of Amherst men as "Old Ty." For fifty-nine years he taught in the College as Tutor and Professor; and as Professor Emeritus, he was connected therewith for six years more. For him a student was not simply the bearer of a brain to be saturated with Greek culture—and he was always that—but a soul whose various powers were calling for development. He was perfect Greek and perfect Puritan, inspired by Homer and Moses, Theocritus and St. Paul. His ideal was Socrates, whom indeed he resembled, being ungainly of body and beautiful of soul. Severe or gentle, as the occasion required, ironic or urbane, uncompromising or sympathetic, he was always respected, often feared and inevitably loved. As a teacher he was both critical and inspiring. As a preacher he was forceful and convincing. His style, always classic, sometimes rose to pure eloquence. His theology was sternly Calvinistic: his religion was that of a simple child of God. Whether in this case his Hellenism triumphed over his Hebraism, or whether he trusted to those "uncovenanted mercies" in which his fellow Calvinists found excuse for their humaner feelings, Professor Tyler firmly expected to meet Socrates in heaven. Dear old teacher and friend! Met him you surely have, and rare talks you must be having together. Would that all of your pupils could share at a respectful distance in that celestial symposium.

The relations between Professor Tyler and Daniel Bliss were not only exceptionally close during the latter's college days, but the friendship thus formed lasted till the older man died, forty-one years after the graduation

of his pupil. Many letters passed between them. Visits were exchanged, for not only did Dr. Bliss seek out his old teacher whenever he returned to America, but Professor Tyler visited Syria, sharing in an adventure to be later related in Dr. Bliss' own words.

Next to Professor Tyler the greatest impression made on Daniel Bliss while at Amherst was by Professor Snell, who had the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, which was the name then given to Physics. Acute and exact, he was gifted with a quaint humour that has been likened to that of Charles Lamb. His class-jokes were none the less enjoyed for being stereotyped and expected, but one day he took both himself and the class by surprise with a sudden witticism, which caused him to murmur "that's new" to the infinite delight of the students. The following anecdote was often repeated by Dr. Bliss. A knotty mathematical problem that had been passing from college to college was presented by Professor Snell as a challenge to his class. At the next meeting various solutions were offered, including a somewhat lengthy one by himself. Later he showed this to Mr. Bliss in his copy-book, and underneath was given another with the comment "A shorter and better solution by Daniel Bliss of the Class of fifty-two." Dr. Bliss told this anecdote to illustrate the modesty of his teacher and his desire to give credit where it was due, but it illustrates much more than that. It throws a light on those far-off days when inter-collegiate rivalry did not centre in athletics but actually recognized the glory of solving a problem in Mathematics or Physics!

The curriculum of studies was rigidly fixed, offering no electives, save for the alternative of French and German for one term of Sophomore year. Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, with exercises in Elocution, were the main

staple of the studies for the first two years with one term's instruction in the History of the English Language and Literature. Mathematics and the classics continued into Junior year, and it is interesting to note that Homer's Iliad was left as the crown of Greek culture, instead of being associated in the mind of the students with their early preparatory drudgery. Into this year were crowded the scientific subjects: Physics, Chemistry, Anatomy and Botany. There were also courses in Rhetoric and in the history of classical literature. History, as such, did not appear anywhere in the college course. Senior year was mainly devoted to the so-called Mental and Moral Sciences including Evidences of Christianity and Biblical Theology. Constitutional Law and Political Economy were also introduced. During the last term Dr. Hitchcock taught his Geology. A review of Latin and Greek gave a final emphasis to the importance of the classics. This curriculum looks meagre besides the scores of courses offered by any modern college, but it is safe to say that those who had mastered it were at least as well equipped with general culture as is the average college graduate of to-day.

Amherst College owed its origin to the daring ambition of its founders to train men for "civilizing and evangelizing the world." With such an aim in view the importance of religion became paramount. The spiritual development of the students was a trust handed down from President to President. This tradition was mighty in the days of Daniel Bliss. It was still potent when his sons went to college. The effect of this atmosphere of religion and culture on a student who breathed it for the first time is well described in the following letter written to Professor Tyler many years after graduation: "First impressions are lasting and my first impressions of Am-

herst College have never left me. I arrived at the College about the middle of the Fall term in 1848. We (Hawkins and myself) had come from Ohio by way of Lake Erie and the Canal, and had seen not a little of rough and profane society on our journey. What we witnessed, on entering the College, was such a contrast to all this, and indeed to all that we had been accustomed to in our own previous observation and experience, that it seemed as if we had passed into another world! The solemn, cheerful and intellectual air of the President and the Professors at morning and evening prayers, and the religious tone, not of voice but of heart and life, of the majority of the students, led me into a new train of thought, gave me new views and made me e'er long a new man.'' Going on to speak of the special seasons of religious interest, he adds: ''These revivals stamped upon my brain the conviction that Amherst College believed in the reality of the religion of Christ. There was no diminution of the usual amount of study; hence the excitement—for there was great excitement—was rational, the heart and the intellect moved on together. Twenty years have proved that those who then embraced the truth were sincere, for they were found, many of them, in various parts of the world, spending their mature years in preaching Christ.''[1]

The writer of this letter was President Bliss, who had just graduated his first class from the Syrian Protestant College—the small class of 1870, which included a man who became one of the prominent physicians of Palestine, and another who is the editor of the most serious periodical in the Arabic language: Christian gentlemen both.

Mr. Bliss joined the College Church in January of his

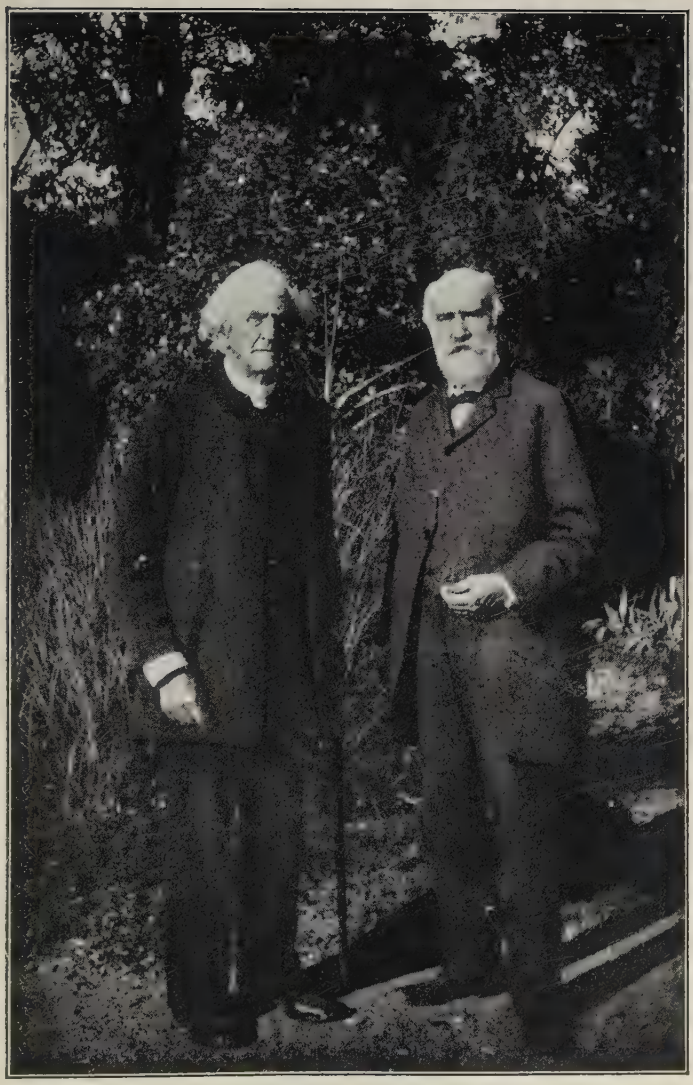
[1] See "History of Amherst College" (1873) by W. S. Tyler, page 353.

Freshman year and soon after the Missionary Band. He was always reticent about his own inner religious experiences, but it would appear from the above letter that his entrance into the conscious Christian life was marked by no sudden crisis, such as was expected if not demanded by the religious conceptions of the time, but that it was rather the result of quiet deliberation. To be sure what he has told us of the dramatic moment in the tan-yard, when he gained an ethical victory over himself, is a description of sudden conversion, and was in fact his real conversion, but it would hardly have passed the orthodox tests of that period, when rigidly moral men of religion spoke slightingly of "mere morality." In the main the religious tone at Amherst was sane and true. The voices that Daniel Bliss heard there had far-reaching echoes. The especial services for prayer and conference, which to this day supplement but never interrupt the work of the first week of January at the College in Beirût, reflect the best that there was in the religious life in Amherst, while they seek to avoid whatever narrowness that may have held; aiming to turn to God the followers of many creeds, not interfering with their own ways, but ever pointing out the perfect way through Jesus Christ.

Many of Mr. Bliss' college companions became prominent and useful in their day and generation. Two of his classmates, Allen and Barnum, were his fellow-labourers in the Turkish Empire, though not in the same missionary field. Of George Washburn mention will shortly be made. Five of Mr. Bliss' college mates became the teachers of his sons at Amherst. No Amherst teacher is better remembered or was more universally loved than Dr. Edward Hitchcock, who placed physical education and training on a permanent basis, not only for Amherst but for all the colleges of America. Ever the interme-

diary between Faculty and students, a thoroughly respected moral police-man; alert, strong-willed, brusque, indulgent; impulsive, jocular, evangelical—above all intensely human, "Old Doc" fused in his extraordinary personality all sorts of contradictory qualities. One wonders what sort of a "grave and reverend Senior" he was, when his friend, Daniel Bliss, was a Freshman! Grave and reverend Julius Seelye must have been all through his college days, if not in childhood. Both in body and mind he was of heroic mould. He was President when Dr. Bliss' three sons were in college. Surely no more stately form ever presided at Commencement; surely no voice rolled out the Latin phrases in more sonorous tones! With Hitchcock and Seelye may be linked George Washburn in a trio of men who, with Daniel Bliss himself, lived to become widely known in the academic world. He was Freshman when Mr. Bliss was Senior. As they roamed together through the woods or over the hills, little did they realize that their names would be joined as pioneers of University education for the youth of Turkey, Egypt and the Balkans, and all the Near East. Theirs was a lifelong friendship. Each was proud of the other's work. Robert College at Constantinople and the Syrian Protestant College at Beirût stand as monuments to this pair of friends, and perpetuate the ideals with which they were together inspired at Amherst.

Daniel Bliss strongly objected to the Secret Societies of his day on the ground of their exclusiveness and of their entering into cliques and combinations in class-politics. Accordingly, he joined the Delta Upsilon Fraternity, which was then frankly anti-secret. Many of his closest friends, however, were members of the Secret Societies.



President Bliss and President Washburn.

He saw little of the social life of the town. When it is remembered that he entered with defective preparation and that he had to earn every cent he spent during the four years, it will be seen that he had little time for outside diversion. During the last two years he became intimate with Miss Abby Maria Wood, who had lived at Oak Grove with her uncle, Mr. Luke Sweetser, ever since she was eight years old. She was born in Westminster, Massachusetts, and was sometimes playfully called by her friends "Westminster Abbey." Her mother's father was Mr. Samuel Sweetser, one of the most prominent sheep-farmers of the State. Her father, Joel Wood, died when she was a child. From him she inherited her talent for music. Her voice was well trained by a method which now seems to be forgotten, capable of producing flexibility without destroying natural sweetness. Long after middle life her tones retained a bright and haunting loveliness. She was refined and delicate in form and in spirit; with brown hair, transparent complexion and clear, blue eyes, which grew dim neither in sickness nor in old age. Her health was uncertain: her will indomitable. Her mercurial charm of manner was no less characteristic than her relentless sense of duty. She had wit and she had wisdom. Unlike Mr. Bliss, she had been bred under the full Puritan tradition, which dictated to all, no matter what their condition of character, the stages of conversion appropriate only to hardened sinners: conviction of deep guilt, a period of despair and struggle, surrender of will, the sudden benediction of peace. Under this tradition she was "converted" at the age of sixteen during a revival that was upheaving the community. But even then her independence of mind asserted itself, though unawares. In a letter to a friend, written during the midst of her "crisis," she referred in

great distress to a sin that was holding her back. At the end of the letter it transpires that this terrible sin was her inability to realize her own guilty condition! What was this but the unconscious protest of an honest mind that revolted at calling white black?

The future Mrs. Bliss was educated at Amherst Academy and at Maplewood Academy, Pittsfield, Massachusetts. To the end of her days our mother used to speak with love and pride of "my set of girls." And a remarkable set it was, including names that have become famous. Mrs. Bliss herself was destined to influence the lives of hundreds of Orientals. The Sweetser mansion was set on a hill amid a grove of splendid tall oaks. Below Oak Grove was the home of Edward Dickinson, for long treasurer of Amherst College. Thus Emily Dickinson—beloved to-day by the curious in poetry—was Abby Wood's near neighbour and constant companion. Emily was always an original, but her girlhood gave no hint of the recluse that she was to become within the bounds of that house and lovingly tended garden, where came to her those quaint thoughts that she put into somewhat lawless verse. When Mrs. Bliss made her second visit to America from Syria in 1873, Emily Dickinson had become the village mystery, inaccessible to all but an elect few, who were admitted to the sanctuary with appropriate preliminaries and ceremonies. The good-natured refusal of Mrs. Bliss to approach her old crony as a Sibyl finally resulted in her being received on the old basis.

Another member of this "set of girls" was Helen, the daughter of Professor Fiske, of Amherst College, afterwards Helen Hunt Jackson—delicate lyrist and strenuous defender of the rights of the Indians. As a young lady she had a reputation for innocent mischief, and

when years later she published in the *Saint Nicholas* an account of a childish escapade, under the title of "The Naughtiest Day of My Life," Mrs. Bliss was mightily amused at the comment of the *Springfield Republican*, which asked, "Was it really the naughtiest, the *very* naughtiest day of your life, Helen Hunt?"

It will be better not to interrupt Dr. Bliss' own story of his college and seminary life, to which these pages form merely a complement, accordingly brief mention may here be made of the quartette of remarkable men who made a strong impression on him in the Seminary. Andover was then the leading Theological School of the United States, the last stronghold of New England Theology. Its great exponent was Professor Park, who died in 1900, at the age of ninety-two. Dr. Bliss' children well remember his visit to Syria in 1871, recalling his dome-like forehead, his clear-cut features and his massive jaw. As a teacher, he is said to have been second to none in his generation. To Mr. Bliss he extended his confidence, often inviting him to walk. The Chair of Church History was occupied by W. G. T. Shedd, that versatile scholar and editor of Coleridge, who later instructed Dr. Bliss' sons at Union in a Calvinistic Theology that dared to face the consequences of its own stern premises. With all his gentle dignity and calm urbanity Dr. Shedd appeared to be himself a divine decree personified. When he taught Daniel Bliss he was barely thirty-five years old, but his photograph of the time shows that expression of sleepless watchfulness against theological "error" which had not left his countenance thirty years later.

The fame of Professors Stowe and Phelps has been eclipsed by that of the women of their households, but they were themselves sufficiently distinguished. Dr.

Stowe had long been known as a strong Abolitionist. For eighteen years he had taught at Lane Theological Seminary at Cincinnati, living with his wife in the midst of a circle that continually harboured runaway slaves on their way to Canada. He began his teaching of Sacred Literature at Andover the year Mr. Bliss entered the Seminary. In March of that same year, 1852, the world had been startled by the publication of Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Later he shared the notable reception accorded to his wife in England. The chair of Rhetoric was held by Professor Austin Phelps, of whose beautiful English style Dr. Bliss was ever a great admirer. He wrote many books of value for a day that has passed. At that time his daughter, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, had just entered her teens. Time alone can show whether the slight but true vein of genius running through the stories which she began to write a very few years later will be preservative.

We may now give place to Dr. Bliss' own reminiscences of these college and seminary days, as he takes up the story where it was left in the last chapter.

Hawkins and I arrived at Amherst on November 7, 1848, after dark, and then commenced a new experience. We called at Dr. Hitchcock's, and he sent Tutor Henswaw with us to find a boarding-place. He took us back of the village Church, now College Hall, to the house of the Misses Kingsbury, two New England old maids, such as one reads of in books, but seldom meets in real life. We boarded there the rest of the term. One morning at the breakfast table, Hannah—she of the big head—said in the now lost drawl of the Yankees: "Mr. Bliss,

where are you from?" Being answered that I was born in Vermont but had spent most of my life in Ohio, she said: "Wal, I thort you had all the energy of a Vermonter and all the awkwardness of a Buckeye."

The next morning the President sent me to Professor Snell to be examined in Mathematics. The Professor was pleased, for I had studied all of the Freshman and part of the Sophomore studies. Then Professor Tyler, of blessed memory, examined me in the Classics. I hesitated, faltered, stumbled, and fell at times. By way of excusing myself, I said the methods of pronunciation in the West differ from those in the East. "Yes," said he, "but you do not seem to have any method." Dear old man; like Coriolanus,—"what his breast forges, that his tongue must vent." I took Professors Snell and Tyler's notes to the President. He read them, and with his own kind smile said, "Mr. Bliss, the reports are favourable. You can enter the Freshman Class." Hawkins and I bought some second-hand furniture and moved into Middle College, North Entry, First Story, Front Middle. Two serious questions confronted me. First, could I keep up with my classes? And second, how could I support myself? Amherst at that time, in order to enable students to teach, gave six weeks' vacation, from Christmas on, so that one could teach three months, and be absent from his classes only three weeks. This I clearly saw could not be done on my part, on account of my imperfect preparation

for entering college. I wrote on the fly-leaf of my account-book, "The way looks dark, but I must and will press on. I have only sixty-five dollars now, and forty dollars due me from Ohio." At the end of the term I obtained an agency for some magazine and travelled as far as Northern Vermont, and visited my brothers in the meantime. The agency paid all expenses, and a little over. On returning, Mason Moore, nephew of Miss Lyon of Mt. Holyoke Seminary, and I boarded ourselves in our own room (Hawkins had left College). We had an air-tight stove, with a moveable top, in which we roasted potatoes and boiled water. Bread and milk, potatoes with milk or without, baked pork and beans, roast beef (cooked by the Misses Kingsbury in their own house), constituted our substantials. At the end of the term my weight was 161 pounds, which was more than at any other time. Our entire food expenses amounted to $8.26 each for the term. On the other side of the account, my saw-horse and wood had brought me in $17.60. Those who reposed confidence in my ability to saw and carry up wood two to four stories were seven Freshmen of my own class, two Juniors and one Tutor. If they looked down on me because I was doing manual work, I did not look up to them because they were not. Herein lies a principle on which I enlarged on a certain occasion. During my Senior year a young man came to me saying that the President had sent him to me for information and advice. He stated his case. His means were small. I went

over the various ways in which a few men could help themselves, and said: "There are recitation rooms to be swept; Chapel to be cared for; fires to be built in winter; lamps to be kept in order; bell to be rung; sawing wood for students; various odd jobs; helping janitor in vacation, etc." His countenance fell. He looked sad. And then I added: "You can do several of these things on condition that you can do them openly, joyfully, feeling that you are just as good and noble and more noble under your circumstances than if you did them not." He left College.

I looked after Professor Tyler's garden, more or less. A few weeks after I arrived at Amherst, Mrs. Tyler invited me to the Thanksgiving dinner and they were my dear friends as long as Professor Tyler and she lived. I weeded the flower-beds, hoed the vegetables and cared for the fruit-trees. I soon had charge of a Boarding Club which continued under my care till the end of Junior year, for which service I received my board. My duties were looking after the accounts and presiding at the table. During the first term of Sophomore year Dr. Hitchcock urged me to apply to the Education Society for its usual grant. I told him I would rather stay out a year and earn some money. He referred to my age, the need of men in the mission field, etc. The application was made, and the grant ordered. I helped the janitor, never in term time but during vacation, when he put the buildings in order for the following term. Junior year I rang the bell, and

was librarian of the Eclectic Society. For these services I received $200. This office was much sought after, and was in the gift of the Society. The only time I did any work that interfered with my studies was during haying time. The examination in German took place soon after my return. The German teacher examined all of the class except me. I reminded him that he had forgotten me. He looked over his glasses and said: "You,—you don't know one t'ing, you not here, you von ignorance." Finally he heard me and said, "Vell, vell, you did know one t'ing, two t'ings, some t'ings,—I give you goot mark."

The whole expense of my four years' course, exclusive of tuition, which was remitted, was $807.44. Of this I must have earned, in the way indicated, over $350.00, having been absent from my class, in earning this amount, only eight and one-half days. It was difficult in Senior year to meet expenses, and I did not. There was no bell to ring, no library fee, and most likely I was bitten with the feeling that a "grave and reverend Senior" ought not to saw wood for another. Then again, Dan Litchfield appealed to me to give up my club to him; said that he must leave college unless he could have it, etc. Though I knew that I could not get through with the means at my command or in sight, I gave the club up. During the long vacation, Senior year, I obtained an agency for selling Bill's History of the World, made some money beside all expenses, went through Dutchess County and vicinity, and had

various experiences. Having canvassed and obtained all the orders I had time to fill I remained several days at a hotel in Dover Plains, which was then the terminus of the Harlem Railroad, waiting till the books arrived from Norwich. One day the most disreputable mob I ever saw before or since arrived from New York for a prize-fight. The hotel people seemed to wonder that I did not go to the field to see the contest. There was an old stage driver at the hotel, a hard drinker. I said to him, "You 'steam' yourself too much." He replied, "Yes, I steam myself too much, and you *es*teem yourself much too highly." My remarks did not help him. His did me.

I had planned to teach school before entering the Seminary, if one could be obtained. The question for ready money in the meantime was soon solved. George Baker, farmer, knowing me very well, and my status in the College, offered, of his own accord, to lend me money enough for Senior year and graduating expenses. I told him that I would not ask any one to endorse my note, and that a note with my signature only would be worthless in case of my death. He said that he would take that risk. Without his knowledge I insured my life for a small amount, and gave it to him for security. In the spring of Senior year I ascertained, through my cousin, that a select school was desired in Shrewsbury, Massachusetts, and Professor Tyler assisted in drawing up a circular to the effect that "Daniel Bliss, graduate of Amherst College, would open a

school at such a time and place," etc. Here followed Professor Tyler's recommendation, and those of others. It was a comfort to feel that if the school were a success, I could pay off all obligation, and enter the Theological Seminary free of debt. Senior year was a very pleasant one. I was elected First President of the Eclectic Society. From the first I had taken a very active part in all the events of the Society, especially in the debates. Seldom did a meeting pass without my taking part. In my Junior year we had a famous debate, which was adjourned from week to week. Other students, not members of the Society, came in, and sometimes a few people from the town. I wrote to Wendell Phillips, and received documents from him on Abolition. The question was this: "Ought we to obey the Fugitive Slave Law?" One provision of the law required of every citizen, under penalty, to assist, when called upon, the constable, sheriff or marshal in arresting and returning any slave, held to bondage, back to his master. According to that law, no one could give a runaway slave a night's lodging, a meal of victuals, or a cup of water, without exposing himself to fine or imprisonment. Henry Moore and I were the chief speakers on the negative side. The great majority of the Society, especially the best speakers, were on the other side. They had on their side Law, Order, Duties to Government, Injunctions of the Old and New Testaments to obey those in authority, etc. Moore and I must have said some extravagant

things. Stebbins was in the chair. He repeated to me—it must have been twelve years after or twenty—one or two of my sentences. This was one: "Did I desire to make an acceptable sacrifice to the Prince of Darkness, I would take this Fugitive Slave Law, embody it in the form of a Northern 'dough-face,' and sacrifice him on the altar of expediency, erected upon the demolished ruins of moral principle." And another: "At the sight of the marshal or the sheriff, the minister of the Gospel must leave his sacred desk, the lawyer his study, the doctor his patient, the merchant his counter, the farmer his plough, the mechanic his shop—yes, and more—the old man must start staffless and the cripple hobble crutchless at the call of this accursed Fugitive Slave Law." Bombast it was, but bombast carries with it something like argument.

I look back with satisfaction to the great pleasure Dr. Hitchcock gave me by inviting me, Junior year, to accompany him on a private geological trip to the White Mountains. We went in his own one-horse carriage, stopping at country hotels, driving slowly or more quickly as inclination or circumstance demanded. Sometimes we left the horse and carriage for a day or two, and made side excursions by train or stage coach. The object Dr. Hitchcock had in view was to ascertain, if possible, any trace of the glacier period, or terraces made by the receding water. At one time we ascended Mt. Lafayette. Mr. Carter, the Amherst postmaster, joined us. About to descend, I suggested that we go down

not the way we ascended, but by another road. The Doctor protested, saying, "You know not where your road will lead us; never leave the known path unless you have a competent guide," etc. Carter started down before us. While standing for a few moments, the Doctor saw, far to the right of us, a wide bare rock extending out of sight down the mountain side. He exclaimed, "We must go there—that is something"—"run after Carter, and meet me there." We met on the bare rock. There were the marks of a glacier. The old geologist was delighted. He himself proposed that we follow down a certain valley, which "must pass near our hotel." We walked on and on two or three hours. The Doctor took out his compass and exclaimed, "We are lost, we are going almost in an opposite direction to our hotel." Soon the Doctor saw a cast-off fish-pole and said, "Thank God, this is a sign of civilization." We walked on; it was nearly sunset. The Doctor said that he would perish if he were obliged to spend the cold night in the woods. Soon he saw above the steep banks a light indicating an open space void of trees. He hurried me up the bank. I shouted back, "I see a house in the farther end of the field, and smoke coming out of the chimney." The hotel was four miles away. He sent me on to the hotel to find means of getting him and Mr. Carter home. They were both almost exhausted. The landlord soon sent for them, and they arrived about ten o'clock at night. In the meantime a good supper was prepared. When the

Doctor was refreshed by rest and food, he expatiated on the great discovery,—the undoubted signs of the glacier. Finally the landlord said, "I can remember my father telling me when it took place, a hundred years ago." You can imagine the Doctor's feelings. The marks of a land-slide a hundred years old had been attributed to a glacier a hundred thousand years old. I have often thought since that the conclusions—not the facts—of scientific men are sometimes 99,999 degrees from the truth.

I look back also with some satisfaction to a stand I took Sophomore year on the subject of hazing. We called it "rowing." Our class had suffered fearfully. Sometimes we were in danger of losing life or limb. I was never molested. Whether it was because I came later, or because I had a hickory club in my room, or whether it was because I had long hair and was supposed to be strong—whatever the reason, I was never molested. At the commencement of our Sophomore year the class began hazing in a degree unknown. In the morning I requested the President of the class to ask the members to stop a moment after prayers. They stopped. I said: "Fellows, I have one request to make, that if you do any hazing, you will do it behind my back; for if I see you hazing, I will go directly over to the President and give him your names, and you can call me a Faculty Dog as soon as you like." I expected hisses and shouts of derision, but instead Grassie jumped up and shouted: "Bliss is right!

You may call him Faculty Dog and you may call me Faculty Cat, but I am with him!" There must have been a Faculty Dog in the class, for the next day Professor Adams thanked me for the stand I had taken on hazing, and said: "Now if you will take the opportunity to watch ——" He never finished the sentence, for I interrupted him by saying: "I will not be a spy and I despise the tell-tale." The next Sabbath H. B. Smith preached upon the text, "Whatsoever things are honest, etc.," and referred to the stand John C. Calhoun took on hazing at Yale College during his generation. It was embarrassing to see so many heads turned towards me.

In those days many graduates came on the stage and spoke at Commencement. The name of the address indicated in a measure the standing of the student in his class-work. There were first-class orations, second-class orations, disquisitions and dissertations. I had a second-class oration. There were six first-class orations and I was told that my name stood first on the list of second-class orations. So I must have been the seventh in scholarship out of a class of forty-two. These were days of great political excitement. Congress had passed a resolution that there should be no agitation of the slave question during the session. Mr. Nash, one of the townspeople, who had heard the debate on the Fugitive Slave Law, asked me to choose my subject for Commencement from the great questions of the day, adding, "You are the only one to handle them." My subject was "Agitation." Dr. Warner,

the Professor of Elocution, heard the oration, commended the style, diction and the address as a whole; but added, "I cannot allow it to come on at Commencement." He gave as his reason for refusing it the fact that there would be present many Alumni from the South, and others sympathizing with them; adding that "they were all our guests, and to have your oration delivered as you would deliver it, would be like a man who had invited a friend to dinner, and then kicked him out." I asked the Professor if he would regard it as discourteous if I should appeal from his decision to the Faculty. He said that he would be delighted to be relieved of the responsibility. Professor Tyler heard the oration and brought his hand down with vigour, and said, "It shall come on." The papers praised and blamed about equally. The next day, or soon after, I took my autograph-book to Professor Warner, and I find in it now the name of that perfect gentleman written beneath the words: "Agitate till your spirit finds perfect rest in God." Here is the address:

"Motion is the law of the material universe. The agitation of the earth, air and sea escapes not the observation of the grosser senses, while only results tell us of the imperceptible commingling of minute particles. The element, seen in the rock to-day, to-morrow appears in the tender plant, and the next day is a part of our own being. Morning and noon joyfully sip from land and sea vapours, which gentle night again distills in the dews of evening.

The fire-god, riding on the burning wave, throws from the interior of the earth the melted lava, which, worked by the rains of heaven, descends into the rippling streamlet, is borne to the ocean, crowding from their bed the waters, forming new continents for the habitation of man. The planets, as they revolve around the sun, and the solar system about a greater centre, and that around the great intelligent first cause, tell us plainly that rest belongeth not to material things.

"As motion is the law of matter, so activity is the law of mind. When God first breathed into man the breath of life, he became a sentient, feeling, active being. He drank in thought, filling the memory and furnishing the fancy with materials for a new creation of its own, when the bodily senses should sink to rest. Activity is the law of mind. When repose comes over the watchful senses the mind sleeps not. In dreams we love and hate, make peace and war, and do battle for truth. We will to speak, but the tongue stirs not; we will to go, but the limbs move not. The will remains in its strength and energy, only that mysterious link which gives it power over the mental and physical frame is broken. Not inactive then but unobeyed. Motion and activity are laws superinduced by Deity upon the world of matter and upon the world of mind—and also in the world of principles there are agitation and conflict. Truth and error, in nature opposite, are strongly commingled in all that is human, and it is the life-work of man to separate

the one from the other. Truth will conquer. Error must be exiled. The history of the past tells us that the most successful in this war of extermination have, in their day, been branded with the opprobrious name of Agitator, Radical, Enthusiast, Fanatic. Yet the following age has revered their memories, celebrated them in song and handed them down to their children in lasting remembrance.

"Truth has ever been the aggressive and Error the conservative principle. And why not? Truth can lose nothing by agitation but may gain all; and Error can gain nothing but lose all. It was the Ark of God that came to Ashdod and challenged false Dagon. It suffered no harm but Dagon fell. He was set up again but again he fell with loss of head and hands, and then that Agitator the Ark was removed to another place and Dagon prospered. Tyrant, Despot, Pope and Priest are ever the enemies of agitation, and, when in their domains a master spirit arises and disseminates freedom and truth, the rack and inquisition clutch another victim. There can be no quiet when antagonistic principles meet. The great model Agitator brought not peace to human society but a sword. Children fought with parents and parents with children; pallid fear shook the limbs of kings, jealousy blackened the face of monarchs, envious priests shook their skinny fingers, and the gaping multitude hooted and mocked. Society was aroused from its stupor—no longer did the angel of moral death flap his blackened wings over the stagnation of cor-

rupt humanity. But a change came. The wise man and the sober-minded man and the very conservative man declared that the peace and union of society required that all agitation should stop. Then Truth slept in the tomb and Error unrivalled reigned—but reigned not long—for Truth came forth and with a weapon sharper than a two-edged sword marched on from agitation to conquest and shall march till

> " 'Error's monstrous shapes from earth are driven,
> And Truth again shall seek her native heaven.'

"There will be agitation in religion till superstitions and forms and dogmas shall give way to piety and sound doctrine—in morals till the lion and the lamb shall lie down together—in politics till aristocracies and oligarchies and democracies shall end in one grand Theocracy. Agitation in politics? —No: the edict has gone forth, and finality is now written on Agitation legislation. Finality! Strange word in the vocabulary of political language, doubly strange in the light of the nineteenth century, and triply strange in the land of the free. Has a nation attained to perfect legislation or is it satisfied with less? Has Republican America lately communed with the shades of the past and caught the spirit of the Mede and the Persian? O! tell it not lest the crowned heads of Europe rejoice. Finality! There is no finality this side of the gates of the New Jerusalem or the brazen bars of Hades. Chain the lightning in its track and hold the thun-

der still, but freemen *will discuss* and agitate principle as long as

> " 'Liberty like day
> Breaks on the soul and by a flash from heaven
> Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.'

"The patriot and the philanthropist will apply the caustic and the knife till the hideous ulcer is removed from the body-politic.

> " 'O, not yet
> May'st thou unbrace thy corselet nor lay by
> Thy sword, nor yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
> In slumber, for thine enemy never sleeps,
> And thou must watch and combat till the day
> Of the new Earth and Heaven.' "

After Commencement I left Amherst for Shrewsbury to take charge of the school already referred to. The school opened prosperously with more pupils than were expected. So many came in fact that my cousin was employed to assist me. The school was a success. The boys played Julius Cæsar, and there were readings and lectures from time to time. Old Dr. Brigham, in expressing his satisfaction, said: "I do not know, or much care, how much you have taught them, for you have brought harmony into the village, and cast out discord, which is worth more to us." I made $200 in eleven weeks, returned to Amherst and paid my debts.

In the Autumn I went to Andover, presented myself to Professor Stowe, who examined me in New

Testament Greek. He opened the book to a chapter which I knew by heart in the English. I applied the King James Version to the Greek Text and was admitted to the Seminary. I boarded at Mr. Eaton's, Vice-Principal of the Academy. After a few days Professor Park sent for me, and in his inimitable style said that he was much distressed for the welfare of the Seminary because the price of board was advancing so much that students would be deterred from coming to Andover; that he had heard that I had much experience in forming associations where the students could obtain good board for about cost price. He did not use the word "club" as being too common. The result was that he went in person with me to Salem Street, and introduced me to the Misses Phelps. Arrangements were made for a club over which I presided through my whole course at Andover. At the end of the first year I visited my father in Ohio. I saw him for the last time. One Sunday we walked to a meeting in the red schoolhouse, which stood in place of the old log schoolhouse. Walking silently along he abruptly said: "Daniel, are you going to be a missionary?" After the answer he walked on a space and slowly with trembling lip said: "I would not, unless you can say with one of old, 'O Lord, send me not unless Thy Spirit go with me.'"

In due time I was licensed to preach and supplied several pulpits. The Society of Enquiry appointed me at Commencement to give the Annual Oration. I chose for my subject, "The Claims of the Mission-

Dr. and Mrs. Bliss.

ary Work upon the Mental Strength of the Ministry." Professor Park asked me to attach an appropriate text to the discourse, and to deliver it on the Sabbath in Park Street Church, Boston, which he was to supply that Sabbath. I did so. Afterwards the piece was published by the American Board and is known as Number 14 in their Tract Series. I was ordained to the Gospel Ministry by a Council Meeting at Amherst. Dr. Woodbridge was Chairman at the first sitting. He finally withdrew from the Council on account of a disagreement between him and the candidate on some theological question. The Council reassembled, ordained me, and Dr. Stearns gave his approval of the ordination by asking me to preach in College Chapel the next Sabbath. Good old Dr. Woodbridge, on leaving, met me in the hall below, put his hand on my shoulder, and said: "I hope that you will do well, young man, but I can't lay hands on you!"

On the twenty-third of November, 1855, I was married to Miss Abby Maria Wood, of Amherst, and thus my single life ended—I being thirty-two years, three months and six days old.

IV

THE FIRST VOYAGE TO SYRIA

ON December 12, 1855, Mr. and Mrs. Bliss left Boston on the *Sultana*, a sailing ship of three hundred tons burden. Mr. Bliss, who had expressed no choice as to his field of labour, had been appointed to Syria by the American Board for Foreign Missions,—popularly known as the A. B. C. F. M.—which directs the missionary activities of the Congregational Church of the United States. The *Sultana* carried also six other missionaries, including Mr. Tillman Trowbridge, who many years later became the first President of the Central Turkey College at Aintab, and Mr. H. H. Jessup, whose "Fifty-three Years in Syria" gives a fascinating account of his work in that land.

The first long letters describing the voyage to Malta, written by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss, were lost in a shipwreck. Fortunately Mrs. Bliss kept a journal and some months later was able with its help to supplement in a letter to her mother and sister, her recollections of the trip. The following account we have woven, in Mrs. Bliss' own words, from these two sources:

I assure you those lost letters can never be rewritten with a tithe of the interest to you or me, for they were written in the freshness of a new experience and with feelings which only such circum-

stances could inspire. I found the distance widening between us as we sailed from your sight, and ere long, we could not distinguish you two from the crowd—and then for a moment I strained my eyes and an almost supernatural sight was given me as you stood distinctly from the rest to my view. I felt it was the last look and asked my husband to take me below, for I was almost perishing with cold. It was very sweet in our stateroom to commend you once more to God and then leave you in His hands feeling that His grace would be sufficient for you. My husband cheered me with many comforting reflections and interested me in putting our room in order for the voyage, so we were soon cheerfully busy.

In five hours with our favourable wind we were out of sight of land, which we did not see again for twenty days. There was no one to answer the summons to tea, we were all tucked away in our berths in a state of "expectation."

After the first day we had constant gales for three weeks, not one clear day. The vessel was in constant motion. We could not stay on deck without being tied to a mast, or to the sides of the vessel, and without blowing about with every gale. We were in imminent danger if we walked in the cabin—we often fell headlong against the stove or table or perhaps into a stateroom under the berths. We were black and blue for bruises. The water got into my berth and wet it through and through and there was no earthly way of drying it—no sun, and

the stove had fallen down twice in the night with all the fire in it, thereafter we had no fire. But all voyages are not like ours. The Captain had been at sea twenty-five years and never had so uncomfortable a passage. The night of the twentieth of December will never be forgotten by us. About four o'clock in the morning, the day before, the wind had changed to the southeast. Such a day! The wind howled and whistled and shrieked in at every crevice and with increasing violence as the day went on. We could hear the water washing constantly over the decks. The voices of the Captain and the mates mingled with the howling of the storm. We grew sicker and sicker and more forlorn and before night the cabin was nearly deserted. About six o'clock an immense wave struck the fore part of the vessel, submerging her entire decks with water and setting afloat water-casks, boxes and everything not made fast. The vessel seemed to sink to a great depth, then to settle with a sort of tremulous motion as though she could never rise again. The Captain said she must have had fifty tons of water upon the deck at that time. At the moment of the crash came the cry to the cabin "Man overboard!" Those who were able rushed to the entrance and found the wave had struck the second mate and thrown him overboard. But his arm caught on a rope or chain and the return wave threw him with great violence upon the upper-deck. He started to go down to the fore-deck, but the stairs had been washed away and he was hurled down by a sudden

lurch, severely cutting his face and hands. He was carried senseless and bleeding to the Captain's room, where the passengers took care of him.

The Captain took in all the sails save the main top-sail, but it was torn in shreds by the wind and a part of the yard-arms broken off, and this probably saved the vessel. The scene upon deck was terrible. The man at the wheel was often knocked down and finally lashed there to keep him in his place. At about nine the Captain "hove to," tied the wheel, and said there was nothing more that earthly power could do.

The sailors were much alarmed. We heard more than one cry, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me." In the cabin all was quiet. Once we sang "Rock of Ages" and then each one seemed communing with his own heart and his God. We all found afterwards that the same thought had come to each one of us, that no missionary had ever been lost at sea on the way to his station, and we felt God would not permit so many to be swept away at once.

After twelve the wind abated a little and died gradually away through that night and the next day.

For days we were often meeting vessels more or less dismantled by this gale. And here I must speak a word for our noble Captain; he was exceedingly kind and attentive during the whole voyage and always a perfect gentleman. He is a Dane and a man of good education and extensive reading, and much general intelligence. He presided at table

and always sustained his part in conversation upon every topic. I really loved him and was sorry to part with him. The first mate, too, was a real sunbeam. "Rain or shine," windy or calm, he had always a pleasant smile and word of encouragement. The sailors were a very "hard" set, though kind to us. But there was always order in the vessel. There is something sublime in the composure of a sea-captain in all circumstances. Captain Watson never seemed to waver or fear. At the time of that fearful gale he said not a word of danger, but used to speak of it often afterwards.

The first two Sabbaths no one was able to preach, but afterwards we had services, though sometimes the preacher had to hold on with both hands to keep straight. After we were able, we had prayers every morning in the cabin and studied familiarly the Book of the Acts in the evening. We were a musical company and passed many pleasant hours in singing. Mr. Jessup was the life of our party and we should have been quite dull without him. He is a splendid man. He can do anything he fancies to do. We had much fun Christmas morning. We found stockings hung upon our door-knobs filled with knick-knacks. I had really a beautiful present from the Captain—a pair of black silk mitts, knit by hand in Malta. We had a great dinner—indeed we had a fine table all the time—all kinds of meat and vegetables, plenty of apples, nuts and raisins, and most delicious puddings; light, fresh bread every day, and

the butter was good all the way. You may think this a minor matter, but one has a dainty appetite at sea, and food makes much of comfort and discomfort.

The passengers were a very pleasant company. We did not once "fall out by the way." Mr. Pollard's stateroom was opposite ours, and one night, there being much motion, their half-barrel of apples tipped over and the apples rolled over into our room (we slept with all our doors open). Our cracker box followed and apples and crackers promenaded the cabin with great unanimity. Mr. Bliss has a fondness for apples, and the first thing I saw was him sitting on the floor eating an apple at dead of night! I laughed till I almost cried. We had much fun over our misfortunes.

We reached Gibraltar New Year's Day. When we arose that morn the coast of Spain was just coming into sight. Land to our sea-weary eyes was a welcome sight. I kept running down every little while that day to write you what we were passing, but I have forgotten now. We saw old Cadiz in the distance and many other walled towns, but the vision has mostly faded from my mind's eye. At noon the rock of Gibraltar came in sight. When we had our first full view of it, the sun, shining upon it through a mist, covered it with a thousand rainbows. I hardly ever saw a more glorious sight. All day we were seeing strange sights and hearing strange sounds, and at night we had such a magnificent sunset behind Apes Hill opposite Gibraltar.

The next morn we were again within a watery horizon but in a few days were among the islands of the Mediterranean.

In the following letter Mrs. Bliss continues her account of her trip:

Malta Harbour, January 14th.

You see we are still at anchor before Valetta, the principal city of Malta. We entered this harbour last Thursday morn at ten o'clock and anchored about two rods from the shore. It seemed strange to be near the land again and everything looks so unlike our own America, we began fully to realize we had left that blessed land.

The Island is said to be more densely populated than any similar extent of land, one hundred and twenty thousand souls. Two thousand of these are priests and you meet them at every step. We are told that Romanism has a stronger hold here than even in Rome herself. There are one or more priests connected with every family.

Thursday after dinner, a little boat came alongside the vessel and rowed us to the wharf. The harbour is full of these little boats of all forms and colours, gliding noiselessly about,—some of them very pretty and all of them forming quite a picturesque feature in the scenery. Mr. Jessup had letters for Mr. Winthrop, our American Consul, and we took up our line of march for his house with a Maltese named Antonio, for our guide. We found him a very pleasant affable man of fifty or there-

abouts. He has been here twenty years and seems quite weaned from America. Then we went to St. John's Church, which contains the finest mosaics in the world. The whole floor is mosaic, representing various scenes in history, all formed of different coloured stones. La Valette is the great hero of battle in the Island. He is buried under this church and his effigy is over this tomb. The city of Valetta is named for him. Then we went shopping at some of the bazaars where you find everything that you could get at home and many articles much cheaper.

The houses are very comfortable, high and airy, built in blocks with green balconies over the second and third story windows. Valetta is built upon the sides of a hill and you ascend and descend the streets, moving over it by flights of steps. These make walking a long distance quite fatiguing. It seemed good to tread *terra firma* once more, though we all came home quite tired from our unusual exertions. After tea we had a serenade from a band of music in a little boat under our bows. They played some of our national airs, though not very well.

Friday morn we started out in two carriages for a tour around the Island. We first went to the city of Vecchia, about five miles from Valetta, where we visited what is called "St. Paul's Cave," where he is said to have lived for some time. There is little foundation for this tradition. There is a finely carved statue of Paul here. A Church of

Rome is erected over the spot and we were showed about by a monk in his robes, each of us carrying a lighted taper in our hands. Then we went to the catacombs, where it is supposed the early Christians took refuge for a time from persecution. The entrance is about four feet high and the descent nine feet underground. We then came upon a number of rooms supported by pillars with numerous inscriptions upon them. The air in these excavations was very damp and impure. From these dark abodes we proceeded to visit the gardens of St. Antonio, which belong to the Government. Such flowers and fruits our eyes never beheld before. Roses, heliotrope and jessamine in great profusion and many other flowers which were new to us. Long lines of orange and lemon trees bordered the beds, full of rich, ripe fruit. Oh! it all seemed to us like Fairyland! All this time you at home are walking in Polish boots through snowdrifts and riding in sleighs and thawing out frozen pumps. Am I dreaming? Of course, we might not lay a finger upon fruit or flower in this Paradise, so the signboards warned us, but through our good Consul we had invitations to another garden near by, where were eight hundred orange trees in full perfection of fruit. Luigi Debono owned this garden and bade us welcome with all the hospitality of these Eastern people. The fruit was so delicious, fresh from the trees. We regaled ourselves here for a while, and then proceeded on our way. After a while we stopped under the shadow of an old mon-

astery, drew our carriages side by side, and produced our lunch which the steward had provided for our excursion. Six fat, burly monks leaned over the wall the whole time, watching us and laughing as heartily as their indolence would allow. The beggars, of which Malta is full, gathered around us in a perfect crowd, and when we were through we distributed the "fragments" among them. One boy had followed us all the way from Valetta calling every now and then for "baksheesh." Even the babies in their mothers' arms stretch out their little open hands calling "cavita," which signifies a small piece of money.

After this primitive style of dining we proceeded some miles in another direction to visit St. Paul's Bay. We enjoyed this very much, the day was so fine, the water so beautifully clear. We read the twenty-seventh chapter of Acts and found so much coincidence in the description and the scene before us. Captain Watson says there is no place in the Mediterranean where "the two seas could meet" as they do here. Mr. Jessup climbed a high rock and took a sketch of the scene while we brought away stones and shells as mementos. Our ride home was delightful. The roads in Malta are all macadamized and smooth as glass, so there is no jolting. The fields are very highly cultivated; wheat, cotton and barley are the principal products. We saw many women hoeing in the fields. The country people live in little square stone houses perfectly flat upon the top and with no windows in

sight. Our attention was attracted by seeing all the labourers (who were returning home at night) raising their hats. Upon looking out we found that the carriage of the Bishop was just behind us, and all this reverence was paid to him. The carriages in Malta are the most comical specimens. There is no seat for the driver, but he runs along by the donkey and helps hold the tongue up. We had English carriages and Barbary horses, who were lazy enough. But oh! the mules and donkeys—they are the last specimens of awkwardness. They are literally made beasts of burden. I saw one carrying a woman, three children and three bags of grain upon its back. It was almost all covered over.

The following extract from Dr. Bliss' Reminiscences supplements his wife's account of the stay in Malta:

We arrived at Malta on January 20, 1856. The place was filled with British soldiers, some on their way to England and others on their way from England to the Crimea. Peace had been made between Russia and Turkey a few days before our arrival and the war was over. They were the first soldiers armed and equipped that I had ever seen, for I had never lived near a garrison of American soldiers. While at Malta the Rev. Mr. Wisely, agent of the British Foreign Bible Society, invited us to dinner to meet Lady Parry, the wife of an ex-Mayor of London, and others. All seemed to be full of the military spirit. One of the guests asked me about our navy and army. I replied that our navy

was very small and that our army was still less, only a few thousand men for the whole country. He was inclined to depreciate America and extol England, and finally asked what we could do in case of a war with England. I replied, more promptly than courteously, that we should do about as we did in 1776. The conversation took a turn at this point. We met a Dr. Keith, the author of a small work on Prophecy used at Andover in my day. He unfolded to me some of his interpretations and said, "You see how clear and simple they are." I was glad that he did not put this statement in the form of a question, for my answer might have embarrassed us both. We visited Malta College, which was founded a few years before and disbanded a few years after. When the ship was in Valetta harbour "there arose against it a tempestuous wind, called Euroclydon," which forced many small vessels landward, dragging their anchors, and ours among them. Captain Watson cast out the sheet-anchor, attached the great hawser to the capstan, and we men, all but one, threw off our coats, threw our strength upon the levers, and slowly the hawser coiled around the capstan and drew back the ship to its place of safety and held it there. We were in danger, but the event would be hardly worth mentioning, were it not that during the scene there was an exhibition of "a zeal of God but not according to knowledge" and of following literally Paul's advice to Timothy: "Read the word! be instant in season and out of season"; for

in the midst of our dangers and labour, one of the passengers solicited from the Captain a contribution for buying tracts for the sailors, most of whom were on shore off duty. The Captain was indignant at the time but afterwards thanked us for our timely aid in hearty sailor-language, but in view of the inopportuneness of the tract-man, he paraphrased the imprecatory psalms in the dialect of seafaring men. He was a good man and spoke out so freely that we were relieved. Otherwise some of us might have spoken "unadvisedly with his lips" and grieved our zealous brother.

In a letter to Mrs. Bliss' mother and sister, Mr. Bliss gives a description of the Malta College, referred to above.

We are now about three hundred miles east of Malta, but you will allow me to go back to that Island and speak of things there. I suppose that my wife will tell you of the thousand boats curiously made and curiously propelled which filled the harbour. She will tell of beggars dressed in rags; of Arabs with their long, filthy, loose gowns; of Turks with high turbans; of the Maltese lady with her neat Omella thrown gracefully over her head; of countrymen and women with sandals bound to their sunburnt feet; of priests with long black coats and hats peculiar to themselves; of monks with long brown cloaks and little caps on close-shorn heads; of English soldiers with red coats; of donkeys, horses, mules; strangely built carriages; of men,

women and children of all sizes, colours and languages under Heaven (except English). She will tell you of all these, for she wished me to commence with an account of the Malta College. The object of this College is to educate young men for teachers, preachers, Bible-readers, etc. Many of the scholars receive their education free of expense. But all such pupils must be natives of some of the countries around the Mediterranean and must come well recommended and must agree to settle in their native country or in the East, as preachers, schoolmasters or religious teachers of some kind. You understand, of course, that it is a Protestant college and is supported by contributors from England and elsewhere. Rev. Mr. Carr is at the head of the institution, a man of great learning, and I should judge that he is very devoted. There are only about fifty scholars connected with the College at present. We dined with Mr. Carr and with the scholars, for all board together, pupils and professors. There are boys there from ten or eleven different nations — Greeks, Armenians, Arabs, Turks, Jews, Abyssinians, etc., etc. You must know that it is very expensive to carry on the course of instruction here, for often the professor (or master as he is called in the College) must be obtained to teach one pupil. At dinner Mr. Carr told me that as many as chose on leaving the table retired into a small chapel for prayers. Some one of the advanced class offered a short prayer and then all returned to their rooms. This was their daily

habit after dinner. How interesting! Then, too, their custom is to remember the different nations on particular days—Monday they ask God to bless America; Thursday was the day when they prayed for Malta and Italy. Mr. Carr asked me to lead the devotions, so we knelt and prayed to our common Father. We did literally come from the East and the West, from the North and the South, and offered our petitions. Yes, there are a few names in Malta that remember to call upon God.

On January 16th, the missionaries left Malta for Smyrna, where they arrived on the twenty-second of the same month. Here they said good-bye to the *Sultana*, and, after a week there, proceeded to Beirût by French steamer. The account of the voyage in a letter from Mrs. Bliss to a cousin might pass for a description written to-day, so little has the daily life of the East changed in these sixty years!

At Sea, January 30th.

You see we have commenced our travels again. This is a French steamer and the officers can speak nothing but French. I am the only lady among the cabin passengers and have plenty of attention from this polite nation. I have a maid in rather too constant attendance, for she seems to think I am very young and delicate and will not let me stir on deck without much extra wrapping up, etc.

Mr. Bliss and I have the Ladies' Cabin to ourselves, a fine large room, with Turkey carpets, velvet divans, etc., and a very good piano. This we

enjoy very much and there is scarcely any motion, so things are not all tumbling about as on the Atlantic. We rise about seven and as soon as we are ready the waiter brings us a cup of tea to our room. Then we walk a little on deck and at half-past nine we are called to breakfast. At one we can have lunch if we wish, which we do *not*. At five we dine—we have about seven meat courses and pudding, cake, nuts, etc. About half-past seven we have simply a cup of tea. This is in honour of my presence and was not practised until I came on board. I must say all this form is very tiresome. Such a motley crowd as fills the deck. Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Arabs, Abyssinians, and I know not how many other nations. Many of them are pilgrims going to Jerusalem and many are feeble soldiers from the Crimea. They are a pitiable looking set. It is among such as these we are to labour. It is hard to realize that some of them have souls. Their faces are so entirely devoid of expression. There is one Turk on board, evidently a man of rank. He has a train of servants. Two of them are always near him, and watch every motion and look. He has a beautiful, benignant countenance, a long gray beard and such agreeable manners. He gave us some delicious oranges last eve and came in to hear me sing, expressing much pleasure and beating time with his fingers. Of course, he would not eat with us. But he drank wine and coffee at our table. He smokes a pipe three feet long. He offered this to Mr. B. yesterday, which

was a mark of high respect. His dress is very rich and costly. The weather is very delightful and growing warmer all the time. We were a whole week at Smyrna. Five of our Atlantic party left Thursday for Constantinople. We had been together so long it was quite a trial to be broken up.

Smyrna is a very disagreeable city. The streets are so narrow that if you meet a camel or donkey you must dodge into a niche in the wall or doorway while they pass. Then they are paved with little round slippery stones which make walking quite a perilous thing. There is a little stream of water constantly running through the centre of the street, which is not always very pure! Such mud and filth I never dreamed of. I longed for stilts or seven-leagued boots to raise me out of it. There has been a band of robbers about the town for a few months and a few days before we arrived three of them were taken and executed. There are parts of Smyrna where it would not be safe for an Englishman to go alone. H. lost his way one day and some Turks set seven or eight dogs upon him. He was frightened out of his seven senses and arrived at Mr. Parsons' in a state of excessive pallor and perspiration. Poor H.! All the misfortunes of our whole party seemed to be concentrated upon him, and yet, Micawber-like, in half an hour all his trials vanish before a mutton chop or plum-pudding. . . . The missionaries in Smyrna employ Greek men to do their cooking and work. So we had some of the native dishes. Pillaffe of several kinds, or rice

cooked in the gravy of the meat in different ways, which is much used in all the East and is very good.

Beirût, February 11th.

Here we are in Beirût, our home, where we arrived last Thursday morn at sunrise. Scarcely was our anchor dropped when three missionaries were on board to welcome us. All the places along the coast had looked so miserable that I had felt heart-sick, but the view of Beirût from the vessel was perfectly enchanting. A brisk little donkey awaited me at the landing, which proved as easy as our pony in riding. The streets of the city are much wider and cleaner than in Smyrna. The missionaries live outside the city-walls among beautiful gardens. Mr. Hurter's, where we are, is really a mile from the landing. Mrs. Hurter gave us a cordial welcome and we sat down to a real New England breakfast of slap-jacks, which seemed so good after our French cookery. Thus we were brought to the end of our travels.

Here the letter breaks off, as the last sheet is missing. The glow of that homelike welcome never faded from the heart and life of Mrs. Bliss. For more than fifty years it was her especial delight to prepare her breakfast table for persons newly coming to Syria, or for friends returning from a furlough. The anniversary of that first landing was ever a high festival in our family. On that long-ago morning of February seventh the almond trees were in blossom. The delicate pink and white flower became an emblem of the festival, and in our minds will never cease to be associated with its memory.

V

MISSIONARY LIFE IN THE LEBANON

IT is no wonder that Mrs. Bliss found that first view of Beirût from the ship's deck "perfectly enchanting." No matter how often one returns, the beauty of the town's setting awakens a fresh surprise. In the crystal air of a cloudless winter's morning, it is a gleaming panorama of vivid though delicate colouring. For almost a hundred miles stretch the lower seaward ranges of the Lebanon, with a waving sky-line about three thousand feet above the sea, dipping down to promontories to north and south. No thick forests clothe the slopes, but the bare soil and rocks are tinted with hues of gray and violet, shading into mauve or deepening into purple. Immediately behind these ranges appear, here and there, the snow-clad summits of the backbone of the mountain-system. At the head of the Dog River gorge, Sunnîn lifts its splendid white mass to a height of 8,500 feet above the sea. Further to the south is Kenîseh, some 2,000 feet lower. Above the mountains is the blue sky, below the blue sea. Countless villages catch the eye. Here one flashes out from the sea-border; another climbs a slope; another lies along a ridge. Monasteries perch on the high crags. Valleys open out. Ravines cleave the slopes. The city of Beirût occupies the tip of a fertile triangular plain, jutting out from the base of the hills. When our missionaries first saw the town, it had

barely thirty thousand inhabitants, most of whom were crowded within the city walls. It must have presented but a drab appearance. Since then it has more than quintupled in population, the walls are gone, while a gay note of colour has been added by the red tiles on the houses, which are often painted light-blue, or yellow, or green, or pink. Then as now the town was surrounded by gardens.

The Beirût Station had been occupied for the American Board for Foreign Missions by Pliny Fisk in 1823. He was soon followed by other pioneers: Isaac Bird, William Goodell and Jonas King. Work from this centre had thus been prosecuted in Syria for thirty-three years before Mr. Bliss arrived. Systematic efforts for converting Moslems were practically impossible, as, according to Moslem law, apostasy from Islam means death. The Turkish Government had indeed given equivocal assurances of toleration in religious matters, but without clear guarantee of immunity for Moslems who might propose to change their faith. Hence missionary labour had been, necessarily, almost exclusively directed to members of the Christian Churches which were largely in a superstitious and unspiritual condition, and under the domination of a worldly and ambitious hierarchy. At first there was no plan or desire to form a native Protestant community. The hope was that, through the presentation of a pure Gospel and by the example of a nobler code of ethics, these churches might be led to reform themselves. It was hoped that such vitalized bodies might have a profound influence on the Mohammedan communities among which they existed, commending Christianity as a religion that offers what is wanting in Islam, instead of shaming it by a life and teaching in some points inferior to the life and teaching of Moslems.

The chief churches of Syria and Palestine are three: The Maronite, the Greek and the Greek-Catholic. The Greek Church in the Turkish Empire forms an independent branch of the Holy Orthodox Church, which may be considered to be in a historic sense as the most lineal representative of the Church as organized at the time of the Council of Nice, and which now includes the national churches of Russia, Bulgaria, Servia, Greece, etc. The Greek-Catholics split off from the main body of Syrian Greeks about a century before Pliny Fisk came to Beirût. They differ from the Greek Orthodox solely in their acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Pope, with some slight ecclesiastical modifications therein logically involved. Otherwise in ritual, in the main points of theology, in ecclesiastical discipline, such as the ordination of married men to the priesthood, they are the same. Both use the Arabic language in their services.

The Maronite Church has always been regarded as the National Church of the Lebanon. As the Greek Church follows the Byzantine tradition, so the Maronite represents a local Syrian ecclesiastical development, differing but little originally from the Syrian Church in Mesopotamia in ritual and practice. Its services are in Syriac and Arabic. While it forms a compact unit with strict home rule it has been firmly Papal since Crusading times when submission was offered to Rome. It has adopted many Roman practices, thus placing itself in contrast with the Greek Catholics and other Uniate Bodies. However, ordination of married men is permitted. It may be said in a word that these three churches with all their mutual antagonisms have infinitely more in common with each other than any one of them has with Protestantism, which often fails to distinguish between their slight differences of doctrine and practice. The organization of a

native Protestant Church, which took place in Beirût in 1848, was forced upon the missionaries by the logic of circumstances. Though not in their programme, it might have been foreseen. The preaching of "truth" was inevitably followed by the exposure of "error." The famous "thirteen letters" written by Mr. Isaac Bird in 1833, and directed against the main points in which Romanism differs from Protestantism, were a straight challenge to opposition. Even earlier than this, persecution of those who accepted the evangelical teaching had been instigated by Roman Catholic missionaries, and actively endorsed by the all-powerful Maronite Patriarch. Turned out of their own churches, many individuals were received, one by one, into the Protestant communion. Finally their numbers became large enough to warrant the granting of their demand for organization into a distinct native body. In the seventy years which have since elapsed, several other churches have been organized. After the Presbyterian Board took over the Syrian Mission, these were grouped in Presbyteries. The total church-membership of the American Mission now includes about three thousand individuals. These numbers, however, present but a false gauge of the result of these seventy years. The leaven of Protestantism has worked quietly though powerfully in the other Churches, so that to a certain extent the purposes of the pioneers are beginning to be carried out. A better understanding between the old Churches and the American Mission has tended to substitute mutual toleration for mutual opposition.

On the day of their landing the new missionaries had an opportunity of meeting the chief men among the native converts, gathered in Beirût from many different parts for a business meeting. It was a group of serious,

dignified, thoughtful men. They were Protestants by conviction: their attitude had cost them something. Many of these men became lifelong friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. A few weeks later the members of the Mission assembled for their Annual Meeting. What a notable company was there! From Abeih came Mr. Calhoun, the Saint of Mount Lebanon, whose holy life was felt to be so potent a force, that a poor woman once begged his servant for a bit of his clothing that she might burn it and with the smoke of its incense cure her sick child. From the neighbouring Deir-al-Qamr came Mr. William Bird, born the same day with Daniel Bliss, son of one of the pioneer missionaries, loved no less for his own sake than for his father's. At Beirût lived Mr. Ford, father of Dr. George Ford, of Sidon; and also the noted scholar, Dr. Eli Smith. As a travelling companion of Dr. Edward Robinson in 1838, Dr. Smith, by his knowledge of the Arabic and the mentality of the people, had contributed very materially to the success of the journeys which resulted in the brilliant and scholarly "Researches in Palestine" of the American Professor. But Dr. Smith's great work was the translation of the Scriptures into Arabic, which, however, he did not live to complete. He was just then beginning to print Genesis. "He was delighted," says Dr. Bliss in his Reminiscences, "when told that I had brought with me Dean Alford's recent text. He asked me at once to let him have it. A few days after Dr. Thomson said: 'Brother Bliss, you have put off the translation two or three years.' Somewhat perplexed I asked why. He continued, 'You have brought out a new text and Dr. Smith will go through it all before proceeding in his translation.'"

Dr. William M. Thomson and Dr. C. V. A. Van Dyck

were then stationed at Sidon. Dr. Van Dyck was a many-sided genius; linguist, teacher, preacher, physician, astronomer. He came to Syria in 1840, at the age of twenty-one, as a medical man with no academic training behind him. But after his arrival he so mastered Greek, Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac that on the death of Dr. Smith he was thoroughly equipped to complete the translation of the Bible. No missionary in Syria was ever more admired than he by the natives themselves. His knowledge of the colloquial Arabic was so great that he was sometimes taken for a Syrian; his fluency in quoting the classical literature gave infinite delight to this poetry-loving people. Dr. Thomson had been a faithful missionary for twenty-three years when Mr. Bliss came to Syria. While on his many journeys up and down the land, he had collected the material for his "The Land and the Book," published a few years later and destined to become perhaps the most popular book on Palestine ever written.

The other members of the Mission were Eddy of Kefr Shîma, and Benton of B'hamdûn, both villages of the Lebanon; Wilson of Hums, the ancient Emesa; Lyon of Tripoli; and Hurter, the lay printer of the Press at Beirût. Dr. Eddy spent his later years in compiling Scripture commentaries. Mr. and Mrs. Aiken had just come out and at this meeting were assigned to Hums. Mr. Bliss was stationed at Abeih, as this salubrious mountain village was supposed to be the best suited to so delicate a lady as his wife. In their old age when Dr. and Mrs. Bliss had retired from a life of eminently practical service, having survived most of their contemporaries, our father loved to quote the following opinion written to the Board at about this time by one of his colleagues, "The Blisses have arrived. Mrs. Bliss will not

live a year and Mr. Bliss is not a practical man." At the meeting was present Mr. Bliss' old friend and college teacher, Professor Tyler, who with his companions had been visiting the Holy Land. Mr. Bliss had shared with them an adventure which he thus describes in his Reminiscences.

A few weeks after our arrival Professor Tyler, George Washburn, Richard Mather and Edward Strong, all friends of ours, called upon us and invited me to accompany them to Damascus and Baalbek. As I had nothing to do but study Arabic, Dr. Smith advised me to go with them, saying that more Arabic could be learned from muleteers and others than by studying with a teacher. We went to Damascus by the old mule road; the carriage road was not commenced till four years later. From Damascus we went to Baalbek by way of Bludân. On our leaving Baalbek for Beirût it snowed and on our arrival at Muallaka, below Zahleh, it was more than a foot deep. Here we were snow-bound for two days, suffering from filth, cold, and from the fumes of charcoal. Saturday the sky was perfectly clear, the sun intense in heat and dazzlingly bright, and we proposed to start for Beirût. An experienced dragoman, also snow-bound, with his party, scouted the idea of any one attempting to cross the Lebanon that day, protested in the name of humanity against our going, said it was impossible, absurd, wicked, and finally turning to me he said: "You Americans think that you can do everything, and you can do everything that money can

buy, or that strength can accomplish, but you cannot conquer Almighty God. God says here and now you cannot cross Lebanon to-day. Go, but you go against God." I commended these words of the dragoman and commend them to any traveller who under similar conditions, boldly and foolishly contemplates crossing a mountain five thousand feet high, over a road where the mule tracks are obliterated and without a sign or post to indicate where it lies five or ten feet beneath the blinding snow. We mounted our horses and turned them towards the mountains. Arriving at Khan Murâd we found the place filled with horses, donkeys, mules, camels, and men unable to proceed on their way over the mountains. We were perplexed. No places for our horses; no shelter for ourselves. Some advised returning to Muallaka, others, remaining in the open. Not one of the caravans gathered there dared move on over the trackless snow. Beyond the Khan some five thousand feet above the sea, not a footprint of man or beast could be seen, not a rock or stone uncovered, but a shining sameness of dazzling snow, almost blinding to the eyes. We all recalled the advice of the dragoman. To spend the night at the Khan was impossible; to return to Muallaka or to go on were the alternatives. Perhaps because I had been very quiet, or perhaps because I had had three weeks' experience in the country, Professor Tyler said to me: "Bliss, we will follow your lead." In reply I said, "Come on!" and started upon the untrodden snow. For two

hours or more we floundered through the snow, sometimes on our horses, sometimes off. Horses fell, rolled over, righted themselves and fell again. Men dismounted or were thrown and led their horses. Men and beasts were getting weary and some of us thought of the dragoman's words: "God says here and now ——" I had a strong horse and was far in advance of the rest of the party. From an elevated spot I shouted out at the top of my voice, "I see a thousand camels coming." There were no camels there, but a long line of horses, donkeys, mules and men loomed up in the distance and appeared in the clear mountain air like a "thousand camels." "We thanked God and took courage." The caravan which had been gathering on the west side for two or three days had started that morning to cross and had made a fairly good path for us. Without much difficulty we reached the junction to B'hamdûn about the setting of the sun. It was still over six hours' ride from this place to Beirût. It was taken for granted that we should spend the night and Sunday at this Mission Station. After having reached the trodden path my horse fell behind, and Washburn, Mather, and Professor Tyler in their order led the way. On arriving opposite B'hamdûn they turned off towards the village. I shouted out: "I hope you will have a restful night and a pleasant Sunday. Good-bye, for I am going to Beirût." All protested; "it was late"—"it was dark"—"the road stony and muddy"—"you are tired out; it will be after midnight before you ar-

rive," etc., etc. My only reply was "Good-bye." No other reply could have been made, for their arguments were sound and rational and should have prevailed. Professor Tyler, in silence, heard the conversation and finally said, "Bliss, you shall not go alone. I will go with you." We went.

In the meantime, while we were slumping through the snow on the slopes and top of Lebanon, Mrs. Bliss was fully expecting to see me before night. The missionaries told her that her expectations were wholly groundless. Even Dr. Eli Smith called and assured Mrs. Bliss, in his courtly manner, that it was impossible to cross the mountains and that it was almost wicked to hope that the attempt had been made. He said that we were all safe on the other side of the mountain and in a few days would come over. Mrs. Bliss thanked him for his comforting words that we were safe, but added that her "husband had not the experience of the older missionaries and perhaps he would come after all." We never knew how "perhaps" struck Dr. Smith after his "impossible" and "almost wicked to hope." He was a courteous man. Night and darkness came on; so did Professor Tyler and I. Mrs. Bliss kept on her evening dress until twelve o'clock. Still hoping, she laid it aside and put on her dressing gown, with a lingering hope, and threw herself upon the bed. At one o'clock Sunday morning the clattering hoofs on the stone pavement announced that the "impossible was possible." We were in Beirût, having been in the saddle eighteen

hours. Looking back after the knowledge of fifty-three years, the protest of the dragoman was not too strong. Although successful, the attempt was no less dangerous and foolhardy, and should never be repeated,—and yet your wife expected you!

It was the fifteenth of April, 1856, when Mr. and Mrs. Bliss left Beirût for their mountain home. All travel was then on horseback, as there were no carriage roads in the land. Household goods were carried on the backs of mules or camels. A mule-load might consist of a bureau on one side and an organ on the other, with a table waving its legs in the air in the middle, itself perhaps supporting a coop of chickens. Small children delighted to ride in boxes fastened to each side of a mule. A family mounted on horses and donkeys, followed by the pack-animals, made a long cavalcade. The annual summer journey to the mountains was an event ever full of romance to us children. Once outside the town, the train plodded through the broad, sandy paths in the pine forest, vocal with the metallic chirp of the crickets; and then wound along the lanes, hedged with cactus or with the sweet musk-like acacia. In places these lanes were sunk below the gardens of the Beirût plain, rich with silvery olive trees, gay pomegranates and lofty palms. At last we began to mount the steep and stony bridle-paths of the foot-hills: fantastic rocks on the one side, fertile terraces on the other. At noon a halt was made for lunch at a picturesque fountain while the mules went on. How clear and cold the water gushed from the spout in the high recessed wall, where delicate maiden-hair waved, and clean little black shells might be spied! Already the air seemed cooler, after the heat of the plain

which glowed and simmered below, and if the sun were strong did not the great oak tree give a beautiful shade? How far we seemed from our home town, but there it was fifteen hundred feet below, spreading its glittering houses along the broad, blue band of the sea! Pleasant was the rest, and pleasant it was to get once more into the saddle, or into the box, and to climb up another thousand feet to a point from which the road ran level for several miles to the village of Abeih.

Owing to the terrace walls, the Lebanon slopes, when seen from below, always appear bare, but when one looks down upon them in the Spring-time, which was the season when Mr. and Mrs. Bliss first saw them, the vegetation shows a marvellous fertility. There are indeed many long, barren stretches; there are tall cliffs and confused masses of fallen rocks where nothing can grow; but there are also fields of wheat and barley; orchards of mulberry and olive and fig; groves of stately Italian pines, with cushioned tops; grape-vines, trailing their leaves of tender green; rich nests of foliage near some hidden valley-spring, dusky golden in the mingled shade and sunlight; terraces made white as snow by a thick carpet of daisies, or turned into a vivid pink by a solid mass of tiny blossoms. And all this vegetation springs from a soil that seems to be entirely covered with stones!

For about two years and a half Abeih was the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss. This mountain village was the cradle of higher education in Syria. In 1843, Dr. Van Dyck established there a high school which in three years developed into the locally famous Abeih Academy, a training school for teachers and preachers, whose influence extended far beyond the confines of the American Mission. As a forerunner of the Syrian Protestant College it demands brief notice. At that time the students numbered

twenty-four. The chief attention was paid to the study of the Bible, very little to the English language; among other branches were taught Geography, Algebra, Geometry, Trigonometry, Logarithms, and Physics from Arabic text-books prepared by Dr. Van Dyck himself. In 1849 he was succeeded in the Principalship by Mr. Calhoun, who had charge till 1875. In the town was a small native Protestant congregation and an elementary school for boys. The Stations of Sidon and Tripoli called for extensive touring in far distant out-stations, but the work of the Abeih Station was concentrated in a more limited area, with preaching and elementary schools in a few neighbouring villages.

Abeih is situated on a slope about 2,500 feet above the sea, but so near to it that the waves may be heard when the surf is high. Beyond the red sand-dunes and the olive forest of the plain may be seen Beirût. From the bare ridge above the village, the coasts of Tyre and Sidon are visible. In the centre of the town is the "midân" or level field where once the Druse nobles used to hurl their lances in sport as they dashed across it on horseback. Their fortress-like dwellings, whose foundations were laid many centuries ago, are still standing near the "midân." To-day the village shows many large red-tiled houses, but in 1856 most of the dwellings were small and mean—mere square blocks, with hardly an opening to let in the light. The population of a few hundreds was half Christian and half Druse. The Christians were mainly Greek Orthodox and Maronites. The Druses will be more fully noticed in the next chapter. When Mr. and Mrs. Bliss came to Abeih, their nobles, some of whom lived in that village, exercised feudal power over the southern part of the Lebanon. They were greatly feared by the peasants both Christian and Druse, who in return

for protection against outside enemies rendered free service, but often had to submit to oppression and extortion from their protectors. Maronite nobles exercised similar power in the Northern Lebanon. The climate of Abeih is on the whole delightful. Mrs. Bliss notes that during their first Summer, the thermometer seldom rose above seventy-five degrees, though the Autumn was hotter. One July they suffered from a prolonged spell of Sirocco wind when the day temperature rose to eighty-eight or ninety, with little relief at night. Practically no rain falls from May to October. In Spring the air is wonderfully bracing. In Winter snow occasionally falls but soon melts. In February, 1857, a storm of wind and rain raged for twenty-four days with ever-increasing violence. In those early days the roofs were of earth over timber and as a refuge from the leaking the missionaries had to sleep under umbrellas! Mr. Bliss had hardly settled in Abeih when he was called upon to perform a painful service for a colleague. He thus describes the matter in the Reminiscences:

Early in June a messenger from Hums brought the sad and distressing news that Mrs. Aiken was very ill indeed and that Mrs. Wilson, the only other Frank lady, was confined to her bed. Neither Mr. Calhoun nor I could see any way to help in the case, but, thanks to the female mind, Mrs. Calhoun and Mrs. Bliss said at once that Miss Cheney and Mr. Bliss should go, start immediately, taking with them our cook, Jirjius. In a few hours we were well on our way to Beirût hoping to find a chance sailing vessel to take us to Tripoli that night. We found one and were safely landed in Tripoli the fol-

lowing morning. Saleh, a good Moslem friend, found for us three horses and a mule for the tent and the luggage, and we soon started on the long journey for Hums. We camped for the first night at the "Fountain of Robbers" and had a refreshing sleep and were not robbed. We started early in the morning and rode on in the broiling sun till ten o'clock, when we saw a man approaching us, walking at full speed. We thought that he might be a messenger and we hailed him. He was a messenger and said that he had letters from Americans at Hums to Americans at Tripoli. Miss Cheney sat silent and anxious on her horse while I read the letter and then she said, "What is it?" I replied, "Mrs. Aiken will have died before we reach Hums." We rode on and on for hours with scarcely a hope, yet we did not quite despair of seeing our friend till the horses' hoofs, resounding on the pavement of the outer court, brought Mr. Aiken out, bareheaded, with a wild, almost frantic look, shouting out, "Dead and buried!" It was true. That beautiful, charming Mrs. Aiken, the daughter of Judge Cole of Albany, from whom we had parted a few weeks before in perfect health, was "dead and buried." Mr. Aiken (he was a classmate of mine at Andover Seminary) continued shouting, "Bliss, I expected you; I knew that you would come. It is just like you. Dead and buried!" I remained a few days in Hums trying to comfort my old classmate and then returned to Abeih, leaving Miss Cheney to care for Mrs. Wilson.

I came back by land in two days from Hums to Tripoli. On the way to Beirût I slept a night at Batrûn and arrived at Kefr Shîma about dark, slept till two or three o'clock in the morning, and then continued on to Abeih, arriving at the door of Mr. Calhoun's house (Mrs. Bliss was there) just as he was saying in his morning prayer, "Oh Lord, bless the absent one, and bring him back in safety in Thine own good time." "Before they call I will answer, and while they are speaking I will hear."

The main work of Mr. Bliss in Abeih was the study of Arabic which he and his wife had already begun at Beirût. "It is a terrible language!" wrote Mrs. Bliss after trying to speak and to read it for nine months. The difficulties it presents to a foreigner are certainly formidable: strange gutturals, a novel syntax, and a bewildering distinction between the written language, used also in formal discourse, and the speech of ordinary conversation. To master both the spoken and the written forms seems at first almost like learning two different languages. Owing perhaps to a lack of linguistic talent, perhaps to the lateness of his academic training, Mr. Bliss made comparatively slow progress. His wife in a letter complains of his lack of self-confidence in this matter. As long as he was in Abeih he did not feel himself competent to preach in Arabic. But he kept steadfastly at his studies with a teacher for five hours a day, also spending much time going about to talk with the people. In the Reminiscences his modesty greatly underestimates the proficiency which he finally acquired. With expert native assistance he prepared Arabic text-books in both Moral and Natural Philosophy, which he used in the

classroom for years. During those early days of the College all his intercourse with the students was carried on in Arabic. He certainly showed no lack of fluency in the long stories with which he entertained his Arab guests!

Taken in the mass, the Lebanese are the most intelligent of all the Syrian folk. Quick, receptive, adaptable, keen in judging character, they show many of the traits of their Phœnician ancestors. Like them they have travelled far and wide in other continents, seeking by trade and other means to better their condition. This tendency, which has developed in comparatively recent years, has been one of the factors which make life in Lebanon to-day very different from what it was when Mr. and Mrs. Bliss first lived there. Almost in every village there are found returned emigrants who have brought back with them new ideas and customs. A more important factor in this transformation is the religious and educational work of American and other missionaries, Protestant and Roman Catholic, who have raised the intellectual, social and ethical standards. Of course, much of the old remains, but the picture we are about to give of the Lebanon of 1856 should by no means be taken as adequately representing the life of to-day, either on its economic or ethical side.

Life was then both simple and complex: simple, in that the people's wants were few, and were mainly supplied from the resources of their own village; complex, by reason of the elaborate social code, inherited from a past rich in the nice appreciation of manners. If civilization consists in appliances for making home-life comfortable, agriculture intensive, travel easy, and communication rapid—then the Lebanese were most uncivilized. Their rude houses had little or no furniture; the roads were

often hardly better than watercourses; agriculture followed Biblical methods of plowing and sowing and reaping; of grinding the wheat for flour; of pressing the olives for oil and grapes for wine. But if civilization takes account of an elaborate etiquette covering speech as well as conduct; delicately adjusting the laws of precedence; furnishing the lowliest peasant with a stereotyped phrase, always polite and often poetical, for every possible event or act—a birth, a death, a marriage, eating, drinking, bathing, hair-cutting—the wearing of a new coat or gown—surely the Lebanese possessed a highly complicated civilization. As to education, the mass of the people did not know how to read or write. Then as now individuals of true virtue and piety were found in every community, but in general the ethical plane was low, though certainly higher than in many other parts of the land. The far pleasanter task of rehearsing the good qualities of the Syrians, with whom the missionaries came in contact, we may undertake before enumerating the bad. Family ties were strong; reverence for the old was unfailing; courtesy and politeness were ingrained; hospitality was a beautiful and shining virtue; patience and endurance were a common heritage; temperance, together with industry and frugality, formed the rule; chastity among unmarried women was universal; the peace-maker was indeed regarded as "blessed" and every one felt incumbent upon him to adopt the rôle when occasion arose; there were violent quarrels but there was far less petty irritation over trifles which the Syrians rightly ascribe to "Western temper." To turn to the other side of the balance-sheet, lying was held to be a venial fault, justifiable at convenience or by necessity; profanity was almost universal; revenge was regarded as a right—sometimes as a duty; envy plotted for

the fall of its object; men laid traps for the innocent persons against whom they bore a grudge; infidelity among the married of both sexes was not uncommon; murders were frequent and often went unpunished. The people of the Lebanon were fairly honest, but few could resist the temptation which the handling of large trust funds presents. The ethical standards of the powerful clergy were little raised above those of the people. Superstition, natural and religious, had a strong grip. In a word, while the moral evils which confronted the missionaries were mainly the old, old sins which work in all lands, civilized and uncivilized, neither religion nor social tradition had in Syria as strong an influence in restraining human nature as obtained in the homeland. Fear is the father of much moral weakness, hence a corrupt, tyrannous government must share the responsibility for many items in the above list of vices. Missionary work in the Lebanon, even among the Christian sects, thus had its ample justification. On the whole, Mrs. Bliss found the surroundings depressing. "It may seem to some," she wrote, "that it is easier for the missionary to be good and to possess a spiritual mind from the nature of his employment. But there are as many outside worldly matters in his profession as in any other—perhaps more—for there is no one to do these for him; and there is nothing in his intercourse with the people to elevate his piety and to further his religious zeal."

Through further extracts, woven together, from Mrs. Bliss' letters to her family in America, we may obtain a few random glimpses into that early life in Abeih.

At last I am in my home and I snatch a few moments from putting a new house in order to tell you

of its situation. At the General Meeting of the Mission held two weeks since, we were appointed to Abeih, the finest station for situation and the most healthy in the Mission. We left Beirût last Tuesday. Two-thirds of the way was like riding up your stone steps. I had a man to walk beside me and put his hand on my back when it was so steep. I can't say I felt any fear, for the horses here hardly ever slip. We went by invitation to Mr. Calhoun's for the first night. Our house was built several years since by the Mission and is of rough-hewn stone, drab-colour. The outside stairs lead to a court, open in front; into this open five rooms fourteen feet high. The upper ceiling is of wood like a barn in America, the joists plain and bare. The floors are of cement. The walls are nearly four feet thick, which make pretty recesses for the windows. We have a full view of the Mediterranean and can see the steamers come and go, although we are some miles from the water. The whole view from the front of the house is very beautiful. We often see clouds piled upon clouds upon the sea and in the valley, all below us. I have to stop and think to realize at all that I am living upon "Lebanon, that goodly mountain," so often the theme of David, so often mentioned in the Bible. There is a pretty little garden before the house. There are more roses than you have in your garden at Amherst—white, blush, monthly, and tea-roses in great profusion. Bushes of the same size bear much more luxuriantly than in America. One of the students

of the Seminary has just brought a bunch of wild-flowers which are exceedingly delicate and varied. We have excellent water here, clear and cool.

We have visits from a good many people. They go round looking into all the rooms but seldom touch anything, I mean any of the furniture. They seem to feel I am their personal property. Three ladies of rank called the other day. I was busy putting the house in order and had my white hood on. They took it off and felt of my hair and my shoulders and talked all the time among themselves. One day twelve women came together, all Druses. I gave them the usual salutations in Arabic, and then, when they asked me some questions, told them in Arabic I did not know the language. They all laughed and said, "She tells us in Arabic she does not know Arabic!" Soon Mr. Bliss came in and they drew their sheets over their heads at once. They looked so funny, like twelve poles with sheets thrown over them. Some of them had horns upon their heads like a farmer's dinner-horn under their veils. These are regarded as a great ornament and signify that they are married. I find the Arabs more honest on the whole than I had supposed. Jirjius, our servant, is very faithful. We pay him ninety piasters, or about $3.60, a month. Eggs are very cheap here, six cents a dozen, and growing cheaper still. We take three quarts of milk per day at two cents a quart. We have good bread. The flour is raised in Damascus and is like Indian meal in substance.

The first Sabbath in July was communion here. I attended the service and sat with twenty-seven native converts around the table of our Lord. Although the service was in an unknown tongue, it was deeply solemn and impressive, and when I looked upon those converts and realized from what depth of ignorance and superstition they had been raised and to what they had been raised, I could but feel this work a glorious, noble one. Only a few to be sure, a mere handful among multitudes, but these in turn will exert an influence the results of which we cannot calculate. Mr. Calhoun has usually an audience of seventy to eighty. That Sabbath ninety were present. This is the most flourishing church of the Mission. But there are very few women in it. Their minds are so little disciplined, so untrained to thought, impressions are very weak and transient, indeed they have so little education, they understand but little of the preaching.

I often make plans for doing this or that, but am interrupted by the Arabs, who make very long visits. I am, of course, glad to see them as long as I can talk with them or understand them, but my stock of Arabic is very limited. They have a great many salutations, all of which have their appropriate answers. I am learning these slowly. Sometimes when a woman has been here half an hour and everything has been said which we can think of, she will rise, touch her forehead and breast and go through all the salutations again. I have hard

work to maintain my gravity. Thursday P. M. I attended the examination of the boys' school under a native teacher. It was in the chapel. I counted thirty-nine boys between five and fifteen years. For once they all looked clean and were dressed in their best. Their dress is very pretty, mostly white: full trousers, and red jackets embroidered with black. They all wear red caps with black tassels, both in and out of doors. It was as bright a looking school as ever I saw in America and the answers were prompt and distinct. I did not hear a whisper or see a sign of restlessness during the whole time. Much religious truth is taught them and it cannot be God will permit it all to be lost. The very waking up of their minds, giving them a desire for knowledge will do much towards breaking their chains. But there is much more hope for them than for the women. Every influence around them, social and civil, is to degrade them. Their faces wear a monotonous expression and their minds are really not capable of the simplest mental process. Before they know how to walk or to talk they are often betrothed, and they are married from the age of twelve to fourteen. Then they are perfect slaves to their husbands. If they offend him they are beaten like children. Among the Druses a man has only to say to his wife, "Go to your father's house," and she is divorced. The wives of the Druse nobles can never leave their houses save at night, enveloped from head to foot, and then a man goes before to see if any men are in the way. It

seems very important that the girls' school should be renewed, for these young men in the Seminary will soon need wives and there are none for them. The subject looks very dark to all the missionaries here just now. My heart is full upon this subject.

There have been many deaths here recently, though there is no prevailing disease. The wailing often continues for several days and is really terrible. It can be heard all over the village. My husband has now gone to attend a Druse funeral. Two women of rank have lately died, who lived near here, and the wailing for a week has kept up day and night. Women come by scores from a distance. They bury the dead almost immediately, without a coffin, merely throwing a cloth over the body. One of these women was buried in a dress which cost hundreds of dollars and the grave is watched day and night lest the dress may be stolen. The whole idea seems to be to draw off the mind from the subject of death. After the ceremonies are over it is never mentioned even in the family.

January, 1858. We have lately opened a new girls' school. The schoolhouse is in our yard. The teacher is a young lady brought up in Mr. Whiting's family. Her name is Rufka, the Scripture name Rebecca. She is a member of our family. She has thirty-four scholars from five to fifteen. They are bright girls and seem eager to learn. In them is our hope for the females of this dark land. I went yesterday to see a neighbour who has a babe five days old. The woman's thin mattress lay on the

floor and she sat upon it, while the room was filled with smoke from the fire built in the middle of it, on the floor. It was a wretched, comfortless looking place, and yet the family are well off, able to live as well as we do if they chose. They brought me a dish which they always prepare for visitors upon the birth of a child, water flavoured with anise-seed and cinnamon, with nuts floating on the top. The baby was bound up in strips of cloth from head to foot, and tied into a cradle, its feet and hands tied down separately. Infants are always rubbed over with salt and water for a week after their birth and then rubbed with oil every day for a month, and after that they are seldom or never washed. They are kept in their cradle nearly all the time, lying flat on their backs. Their heads behind become flattened and have a very ugly shape. They are only taken from their cradles two or three times in the twenty-four hours. Poor little things! I really cried the first time I saw one tied so, and the idea is dreadful to me now.

Though almost thirty-five years had passed since the American missionaries had first come to Syria, there was still considerable opposition to their work on the part of both clergy and people, naturally attached to their own religious forms and suspicious of innovations. Owing to the prestige then enjoyed by all foreigners, this opposition was chiefly felt by their native followers. None of the missionaries on the seaward slope of the Lebanon experienced the fate of Mr. Benton and family, who, as late as 1859, were forcibly driven out of Zahleh (a town on

the eastward slope) by an angry mob, armed with clubs and stones, supposed to be acting for the Greek-Catholic Bishop of the place. Mr. Bliss relates that a native Protestant, prevented from burying his son in the churchyard, was obliged to watch a grave which he had dug near his house, as the men of the village had threatened to dig up the body and let the wild beasts devour it. The head of a monastery, wealthy in lands, declared he would evict his tenants in the depth of the Winter if they permitted their children to attend a Protestant school. Mrs. Bliss' maid-servant, a member of the Greek Church, was threatened with death by her own family when she encouraged a Protestant suitor. Nor was persecution confined to the Christians. A delegation of Druses called on the wife of a Druse Seminary student, who was seeking admission to the church, and asked her permission to kill him. This she refused saying that she had always liked him and that being a Christian did not make him any worse.

Sometimes the opposition took an amusing form. From the diary of Mr. Bird we learn that the Sunday service in the village near Abeih was interrupted by a woman who entered the school with a stick, bent on getting her son away. Failing in her attempt, she went off for her husband, who proved to be equally unsuccessful in removing the obstinate seeker after truth, whom he then and there cursed and disinherited. The following letter of Mr. Bliss to his mother-in-law shows the shifts to which the clergy were sometimes put in their dealings with Protestants.

Not long since Mr. Razook, our second teacher in the Seminary, was talking in his village with a

priest on the subject of religion. There were present ten or fifteen individuals who were interested in the conversation. Razook, it seems, had pressed the fellow pretty hard, and appealed to the Bible in support of all his propositions. Whereupon the priest took the Bible and pretended to read something as follows: "Behold it shall come to pass in the nineteenth century, that men shall come from the lands of England and America, teaching false doctrines and turning men away from the truth—of such be afraid." This was too much for Razook; he leaped to his feet and cried out, "You are a liar! There is no such thing in the Bible!" The company broke up. Perhaps some believed the priest had read what was written, for they were wholly ignorant of the Scriptures. The next day the priest saw Razook—they were alone—and said to him, "You must excuse me for doing what I did last night, for what else could I do—there were those men who belong to my church, and they would not respect me if I did not defend the Church." So you see that lying is allowable, provided that it be in defence of the Church. I hope that priest may not realize the fulfillment of the saying, "If any man shall add unto these things God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book."

Housekeeping in that Lebanon home was pretty strenuous, but it agreed with Mrs. Bliss wonderfully. Her first child, Mary Wood, was born in January, 1857. A few months later Mr. Bliss writes to his mother-in-law: "You ask about Abby's health. You must know that

she is much better than when she was in America, for could she then take care of a large baby, keep a house and attend to a houseful of company, make clothes for her husband, self and baby, besides fitting dresses for others, and in addition to all this carry on a correspondence extensive enough to weary out a common mind?" One of the pleasantest duties of that life was the entertainment of guests. Even after the spread of hotels had rendered a general hospitality no longer necessary, Dr. and Mrs. Bliss delighted in keeping an open house, and in this delight they indulged all their long life. Sometimes for weeks together that little house in Abeih would hold from four to six guests. Much of the care and much of the charm of hospitality lay in the surprise of unheralded company. We children have never forgotten our thrills of excitement at seeing a white sun-umbrella, followed by others, appearing over the hilltop, a mile away from our Abeih summer home. We at once carried the cry of "company" among the housekeepers. Guesses as to which home was to be honoured mingled with anxious calculation relative to the extent of the larder. Neither the quantity nor the quality of the visitors ever daunted Mrs. Bliss or found her unprepared. One blazing July noon in the midst of a fierce Sirocco, there suddenly appeared six English friends, at whose Beirût homes of comfort and luxury Mrs. Bliss had been entertained. Through some mistake the visit had been unannounced. How the crumpled, yellow sheet in which Mrs. Bliss described the event takes us into the heart of the scene! "At first I was in despair. Our own simple dinner was nearly ready. But I got them a lunch of lemonade and cake and put off dinner till two o'clock. While they washed their faces and ate their lunch, I gave orders in the kitchen for a new dinner, whipped up some

boiled custards, changed my dress, and appeared without even a red face. All went off nicely."

All through the Summer of 1858 Mr. and Mrs. Bliss felt unsettled in mind in view of the possible changes that might be made at the Autumnal Meeting of the Mission. When the Meeting took place they were assigned to Sûq-al-Gharb, where no missionary had ever been stationed before. To this village they moved on October 16th, and this continued to be their home for almost four years, though for four months of the year 1860 the Lebanon War forced them to live in Beirût. At first they occupied a house, 2,700 feet above the sea, built on the edge of a precipice with a magnificent outlook over the plain and the Mediterranean which seemed directly below. The house was not well built, and proved to be most uncomfortable for Winter. After a long storm, the walls of the room, soaked through with moisture, became clammy. In the general leaking, pans and basins and tubs gave forth sounds varying in pitch and quality with the material of the receptacle. The second Winter was more uncomfortable as, in the previous August, a change had been made to a better built house.

Notwithstanding that first Winter's discomfort, the change to Sûq-al-Gharb was never regretted. Writing on Thanksgiving Day, which fell about a month after their transfer, Mrs. Bliss says: "We have much to be thankful for to-day. My husband has at last been enabled to enter upon the great work of his life." To this work the two and one-half years spent in Abeih by Mr. Bliss had been but apprenticeship. There he had studied the language, there he had learned to know the people, there with the wise example of Mr. Calhoun constantly before him he had become initiated into the peculiar duties of missionary life, sharing in a minor degree its responsi-

bilities. In Sûq the full immediate responsibility for all local branches of the work fell upon himself. A missionary in those days,—as indeed often in these days—had to be a Jack-of-all-trades. To the ordinary life of preacher and pastor he was obliged to add the function of a lawyer, in case members of his flock were denied their legal rights; he daily acted as School Superintendent; he had to understand the arts of land purchase, building, carpentry; he was indeed often helpless if he did not know something of medicine. In dealing with the government he could hope for little success if he were not a bit of a diplomat. Mr. Bliss showed prophetic vision in his graduating address at Andover, in which he plead for men of the highest and most varied talent as recruits for the missionary work. Of course amidst all this incidental labour the work of preaching the Gospel, directly by sermon, or indirectly by conversation and by example, kept the first place. Mr. Bliss preached his first regular Arabic sermon on December 12, 1858, from the text: "Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God" (John 3:3). Practical texts were often chosen, such as "Thou shalt not steal," "Thou shalt not kill," "Lie not one to another."

The main reason for locating the Blisses at Sûq-al-Gharb was that they might superintend the Girls' Boarding School which was formerly situated in Beirût and was to be reopened in this mountain village. We have already seen in a letter of Mrs. Bliss' how close to her heart such a work would be. For several months the school was merged with her household. She had charge of the boarding department. She felt that this had been run on too extravagant a scale and her ambition was to cut the expenses in two. There were always two sets of

meals to order, one for the five Americans, including the two young ladies who were to have charge of the school, one of native food for the five little pupils, the one Syrian teacher and the servants. The flat round loaves of bread, of which fifty a day were eaten by the Syrian family, were all made in the house, though baked at the public oven. Mrs. Bliss enjoyed the work, but found it taxing. After nine months of it, her relief was great to live alone with her family in another home, while Miss Temple took entire charge of the school. Only two or three months later, however, she took into her home two little girls to educate. Two sons were born in Sûq, Frederick Jones, in January, 1859, and Howard Sweetser, in December, 1860. Rev. D. Stuart Dodge made his first visit to Syria, forming with the Blisses the beginnings of a friendship, fraught with momentous consequences to the whole East, as these pages will show.

We may now listen to Mr. Bliss' own account of his work in the Sûq, first as told in the Reminiscences.

In the Autumn of 1858 we were removed to Sûq, about five miles to the north of Abeih. Although still connected with Mr. Calhoun, my responsibilities and labour were increased, as I had oversight of the schools in Sûq and vicinity. Of course my study of Arabic continued and I began to preach in a feeble way. I may as well mention the fact at once: I have never acquired the Arabic language so as to use it fluently or correctly. I have never attempted to deliver a sermon extemporaneously, yet I preached in Sûq, Deir Qobel and other places almost every Sabbath during 1859–61. My plan was

From a Daguerreotype.

The Young Missionary.

this—not the best plan, but my plan—to write out in full the sermon in English with as much care and thought in it as if it were intended for an English audience. Then I would translate it, sentence by sentence, into Arabic and my native teacher would correct it and write it out into Arabic.

There was much opposition to our work in the Sûq from the monks occupying a large monastery in a village near us. We opened a night school for boys and young men. At first it was well attended, even crowded. Soon, however, only one boy presented himself at the appointed hour. He informed me that the monks had forbidden every one in the village to attend the "missionary school." This boy continued to come, bringing with him a lantern. I asked why he did this. He explained: "At first I came in the dark; now I bring a light that the monks may know and see that I come." This boy, at that time ten or eleven years old, finally came to the College, studied medicine and became a Judge in the Lebanon Court. He was a Protestant, protesting against all assumed authority whether it was claimed by Pope, Bishop, village Priest, or by a Congregational Minister or Presbyterian Session. He was examined two or three times for church membership and each time was told by the examining committee or session, who were very conservative, to wait a while. He said that he would like to unite with the Protestant Church, but he thanked God that the gate of Heaven was always open and that all who loved the Lord Jesus could enter, who

never said, "Wait a while." He was admitted, lived and died a consistent Christian. When the school was broken up by the monks, I kept on with the one boy, but soon several others came in. In the meantime there was much talk in the village. I took the ground that if the monks objected to our school they should open one for themselves, so that the children should not grow up in ignorance. This seemed reasonable to the people, and public opinion influenced the authorities of the convent, and a school was opened by them and taught by an intelligent monk named Jerasmus. He was a bright young man, had a fine figure, graceful manners and a beautiful countenance. He came to me almost daily, or more correctly, nightly, for instruction. His school prospered for several weeks till finally he was called to leave the convent and proceed to some place on the Upper Nile. It was said, truly or falsely I know not, that the authorities felt that Jerasmus' views were not in accord with the creed and practice handed down to them for more than a thousand years and that if made known would disturb the peace of the more stupid "holy" men of the convent. Many years after this I heard that he had died far away in Upper Egypt. I loved Jerasmus.

When we first settled in the Sûq, we were received with polite coldness by some and ignored with equal politeness by others. We accepted the politeness in each case, and ignored the coldness and slight in both. Soon a few of the children of

the better classes were attracted by Mrs. Bliss' music on the melodeon, began to learn Arabic hymns and to sing them too, not only in our house, but in their own homes. The leading man in the village, a member of the Greek Church, intolerant of other religions, had three little girls who learned many Gospel hymns and the father was so proud of their attainments that he used to call upon them to entertain his many guests. These three little girls who sang to their father fifty years ago became the wives of three leading Protestants, one a preacher, another an assistant editor in the American Press, and the most learned Arabic scholar in the East, and the youngest is the wife of a most influential man in Egypt, and editor and proprietor of many publications. All these three girls have large families, all of whom are Protestants; several of their children are graduates of our College. The father lived to an old age. He always remained a member of the Greek Church. He read his Bible through many times and when he came to die they asked him if he wanted the priest, but he said, "No. I have the Bible and God. It is enough." My teacher, while I was studying Arabic, was something of a poet and took a great fancy to the tune "Home, Sweet Home," and wrote a hymn based upon the words of that beautiful song. He obtained from me the meaning of the English words and then found equivalents in the poetical language of the Arabs and wrote out the rhyming couplets. Not being musical myself I would send him to Mrs.

Bliss for the rhythm. He often returned to me crestfallen, tried again and again till finally we have one of the most popular hymns in the Arabic language set to the tune of "Home, Sweet Home." Those three little girls sang it and so have thousands of others and millions will yet sing it, for the poet brought in it the idea of the everlasting love. Coldness and slight began to disappear on the part of the people. "A little child shall lead them."

During the first Winter and Spring of our stay in Sûq-al-Gharb, the measles broke out in the village. Almost every house had one, or two, and sometimes three sick children at once. Although the women had not called on Mrs. Bliss, she, contrary to the etiquette of the place, called at every house where there was sickness or had been a death. She was welcomed by all, for she not only instructed them how to care for the children in keeping them warm and in giving them proper nourishment, but she also took with her a sympathizing heart, and often, when there was need, creature comforts. Sympathy and calves' foot jelly are no part in the "Plan of Salvation," but a great help in illustrating it.

To the above Reminiscences, written almost fifty years after the events so vividly described, may be added some impressions sent by Mr. Bliss to the *Missionary Herald* during his sojourn in Sûq-al-Gharb. The first incident tells how the violent opposition of the head of the convent reacted upon himself.

During a rainy day not long since several young men in a village belonging to the convent were assembled to read the Scriptures. A man, not of the Protestant faith, came in, and with irony which the English language can hardly convey, said, "Young men, it is a sacrilege to read the Bible; cursed is the man that reads the Word of God. Infamous wretches, why do you go to hear the Scriptures explained! Stay at home; learn nothing; be beasts; lie, steal, curse, swear, and abuse everybody, and then you will be good men." So you see the old monk outwitted himself this time.[1]

About two and a half years since, Mr. Eddy commenced a school in Deir Qobel, which is, as many schools in Syria have been, a kind of John the Baptist, "A voice crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord." We were invited to preach in the schoolroom on the Sabbath. We opened services there and for the last ten weeks there has been an attendance on the average of twenty-two persons. . . . This movement at Deir Qobel did not originate in a quarrel [in the Church of the place] but seems to have sprung out of the natural longing after light; after something better than the dead forms of these dead Churches. The children had been reading in the New Testament for nearly two years. They committed many passages to memory; they learned the catechism and the Ten Commandments, and must have repeated them before their parents; and is not the

[1] *Missionary Herald*, 1859, p. 42.

word of the Lord "like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces"? Few rocks are broken at one blow, and no heart has been crushed at Deir Qobel as yet. They are all stony, flinty and may remain adamant to all eternity; yet they have received some hard raps. The hammer of God's word has come down upon them. Many a man not only in Deir Qobel but in the villages of the Lebanon, in the cities by the sea and in the hamlets of the "south country" feels uneasy as he bows the knee to the image of the Virgin, or kisses the image of some dead man called a saint. He feels uneasy, yet he knows not why; he feels ashamed and knows not the reason. But the secret of his feeling is this; he has heard the children at their task repeating, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth; Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them or serve them."[1]

A priest, my neighbour, was taken sick and, being an old man, it was thought by many that he would not recover. Men and women, from this and the other village, came to see him according to the custom of the land in the case of sickness. They thronged his room, drank coffee, and smoked their pipes. Sabbath evening I was invited by one of the principal men of the village, a member of the Greek Church, to spend the evening at the house of the priest. I went and found about twenty persons

[1] *Missionary Herald*, 1860, p. 166.

present, only two of whom made any pretensions to Protestantism. The priest's bed was spread on the floor. The rug upon which I sat was near his head, and the company was seated on mats around us. In a few minutes some one remarked, "We must all die." All eyes were turned upon me. It was evident that the remark was intended for a text, and that a sermon was expected. After a few words about the life and death of the body we passed to the momentous subject of the life and death of the soul. The text was repeated, "Verily, verily I say unto you, except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God," and from these words I talked nearly two hours upon the nature and necessity of the second birth. At the close of the remarks a prayer was asked for and offered, and thus ended another day of missionary life. It was a new experience, to be invited to a priest's house and have the way opened there for preaching the Gospel. . . .

We have great reason to hope that a better time is coming for Syria. I do not know of a village in which there is not some light. This is a peculiarity of our work here. There are not many conversions, not many places where the majority of the people have embraced the truth even in theory; but the light, the truth, is found in some measure everywhere. Let us pray that the Spirit may descend, and fan into flame the sparks that have fallen among the thousand villages of this goodly land.[1]

[1] *Missionary Herald*, 1860, pp. 167–168.

In such endeavours to let in the light was Mr. Bliss occupied for six and a half years. But though his daily routine pressed him hard, his mind was ever on the future. He saw visions and he dreamed dreams. How these dreams came true, largely through his own agency, will be seen in the following chapters.

VI

THE MASSACRES OF 1860

THE summer of 1860 was remembered by Dr. and Mrs. Bliss to the end of their days, even to the minutest details. "Tell us about the Massacres," was the constant demand of our childhood. The dangers of that year, when all the local passions were let loose, were felt as a constant menace during the Great War, sixty years after. Not till the peaceful occupation by the Allies of Beirût and the Lebanon in October, 1918, was there any assurance that the peculiar horrors of 1860 would not be added to the horrors of starvation which then ravaged the same district. The story of that year has been well told by Colonel Churchill[1] and others. But the Reminiscences of Daniel Bliss furnish many picturesque and illuminating incidents which are not only personally interesting but which have their value for the history of the period.

It may be well before presenting his account to state the causes of the friction between the Maronites and Druses which led to the tragedy. For about eight hundred years the Southern Lebanon had been practically controlled by the Druses, who constituted the bulk of the population, though the rulers (sometimes nominal) had been successively Druse and Moslem. Historically con-

[1] See Churchill's "Druses and Maronites," being the fourth volume of his "Mount Lebanon."

sidered, the Druses are an offshoot of Islam, but they have actually as little in common with the Moslems as they have with the Christians. While their theology, compiled in the eleventh century by their Ismailian founders, was drawn from many sources, Neo-Platonism appears to be the basis. The Druse population, male and female, is divided into two classes, usually referred to in English as the Initiated and the Un-Initiated, but to be named more literally as the Wise and the Foolish, or the Instructed and the Un-Instructed. The distinction is based on the axiom that the Fear of God is the beginning of Wisdom. A stern Puritan morality is the real line of cleavage. All children have the right of admission to the Friday-Eve meetings; they therefore have a chance to learn the doctrines which are kept with jealous secrecy from the non-Druse world.[1] On arriving at years of discretion it is for them to choose whether they will continue in the way of religion or go the way of the world. If they make the latter choice, they are debarred from all further participation in the Means of Grace. Of course many children never form the habit of attendance and hence have but the haziest idea of Druse doctrine. Individuals from the class of the Foolish, on showing proper proof of moral conduct, are admitted to the ranks of the Wise, but only after a period of strict formal probation.

Among the Druses of the Southern Lebanon there have always dwelt many Christians, both Greek-Orthodox and Maronites. For centuries these lived in harmony with their Druse chieftains, who, on the whole, made no difference between them and their Druse vassals. Many

[1] The "Religion des Druzes" published by De Sacy in 1838 gives an admirable account, following closely the Sacred Books.

of the Maronite families had emigrated from the Northern Lebanon, where their sect formed the bulk of the population.[1] The friction between Druses and Maronites, which resulted in the wars of 1841, 1845 and 1860, had as its determining cause the ambition of the locally all-powerful Maronite Patriarch, whose seat was in the North. Not content with his legal rights to control his co-religionists in the Southern Lebanon in matters spiritual, he now claimed jurisdiction over them in temporal matters as well. His pretensions were bitterly resisted by the Druse chieftains, who saw their Feudal rights threatened. This is not the place to recount the resulting tale of intrigue and counter-intrigue; of the turning of harmony into discord; of French and British partisanship—the French actively backing the Maronites and the British sympathizing with the Druses;—of the harmful results of this foreign interference; of the attempts of the Turks, following their usual policy of ruling by dividing, to inflame the mutual antagonisms to such an extent that they might triumphantly declare that, as Lebanon could not rule itself, Lebanon must at last come under the direct rule of the Porte. That the seeds of the Lebanon wars were political rather than religious is further proved by the fact that the Orthodox Greeks took the side of the Druses as against that of the Maronites. The successes of the Druses, who were numerically inferior, were not due to their superior bravery but to their military solidarity, organization and discipline, which stood out in striking contrast to the disintegrating dissensions among the leaders of the far more numerous Maronites. It may be added that Colonel Churchill estimated the total number of Chris-

[1] For a brief account of the Maronites, see page 101.

tians massacred in 1860, by Druses and Moslems, in the Lebanon, the vicinity of Hermon and Damascus, at over 10,000.

We may now give place to Dr. Bliss' own story.

The last half of the year 1859 and the first half of the year 1860 were anxious times. Lawlessness, quarrels and even murders were frequent. The old feuds between the Maronites and the Druses were revived. Everybody went armed. The Maronites were boastful and the Druses were preparing. Sûq-al-Gharb was near the storm-centre, Abeih on the periphery. We heard more and saw more of the coming storm than they did in Abeih. I was young and Mr. Calhoun thought I was over-anxious, even an alarmist. One day in June he and Mr. Ford of Sidon called at our house in Sûq and jocosely greeted me before they dismounted from their horses, saying, "Brother Bliss, where is your civil war?" They came in and I told them what I had seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. They were alarmed. The next day, not far from Mr. Calhoun's house, the first man in the long struggle was shot. The strife had commenced. A day after this I went to Beirût. On my return I found at the first khan a short way above the plain, a large number of men, horses and mules. The men were very much frightened and informed me that a messenger had been killed at Ainab, a village about two hours up the mountain, and that the Druses had obstructed the road at that point. This

was disquieting, for I had seen in Beirût a messenger with letters from Dr. Thomson to Mr. Bird. As I approached our house about sunset a large number of our neighbours met me and confirmed the report of the killing of the messenger, and added that he was Mr. Bird's messenger and that his body was thrown out for the dogs to eat. On my reaching home Mrs. Bliss suggested a plan, which had been running through my mind in a less definite form on the way, viz., that I should go over to Ainab, about a mile distant, get the letters, for they might be most important, and demand the body and bury it for the comfort of his relations. He was a Protestant church member. So after supper a dozen or more of our villagers came with their guns and pistols to accompany me, all of whom were dismissed with thanks. Then I and my helper, who carried the lantern, proceeded on our errand of peace and mercy. When within a quarter of an hour's walk of Ainab we stopped at the house of a Scotchman, who had a large silk factory. He was surprised to see me at that time of night and more surprised when he heard of my purpose, and tried to dissuade me from so rash an act, saying: "You are young in the country and inexperienced,—you might be killed, etc." Before we had finished our conversation a school-teacher came in from Ainab who had seen the messenger before and after his death, and from his description of him I began to doubt whether he was Mr. Bird's man. So I said to my Scotch friend that I would follow his advice

and not go to Ainab, but that I would go back home by Aitat, where lived the chief of the Druses, and demand of him the letters and the body of the man if he was Mr. Bird's messenger. This seemed more absurd to my friend than the first proposition. Daûd carried the lantern to the palace of the Sheikh and remained outside. The large room was well filled; there was a council of war. All rose and the seat of honour was offered me beside the "Tongue of the Druses," as Husein was called. I politely declined the honour. I said I came on important business; I told what I had heard about Mr. Bird's messenger. "The Tongue of the Druses" advanced and said: "God forbid. Your messenger came to me about noon. I was afraid for him and I sent an escort with him." It was true. Then I took a seat and drank coffee. Daûd and I arrived at our house a little after midnight. Mrs. Bliss was waiting and watching for us. She saw the light of the American lantern as we came up the hill and was comforted. She heard a shot or two and was disconcerted, but the lantern came on. The light was for us, the shots for something else. A few days after this evening the Druses, one hundred, more or less, started from Aitat, ten minutes' walk from our house, and rushed down the hill towards al-Hadeth, a large Maronite village situated about four miles below on the plain, towards Beirût. In this village were gathered quite a number of young men bearing arms, defying, with their flags and shouts and shots, the Druses from above.

From the terrace of our house we saw the Druses march and heard their war song,—no, not march;—there was no order, no keeping step, no rank and file, but each man bounded over rocks and obstacles at his best. In an hour, more or less, we saw the smoke ascend from the houses nearest the mountains and then the fire swept on beyond till all the village was consumed. At sunset the Druses returned with their booty: beds, bedding, brass cooking utensils, clothing, etc. One man had a large book on law. I said to him, "You cannot use that. Give it to me." He did so and I soon returned it to its grateful owner. I inquired from several of the men what had been done. The reply was: "We have burnt every house and killed all the people." I was satisfied that they spoke the truth so far as the burning was concerned, for we saw that with our own eyes, but we questioned further about the killing in this way. "Did you kill a hundred?" "A hundred! What is a hundred! All!" "Did you kill a thousand?" "What is a thousand! All! Ten thousand!"

The facts were these. The Druses robbed and burnt the whole village. The inhabitants, when they saw from afar the coming of the enemy, fled on horses, mules, asses, camels and on foot; men, women, children in arms, all fled except one poor, lame old man, and he was killed. This is rather an exaggerated case of the difference between the daily reports and the events which actually took place. It was reported that five thousand were

killed at Deir-al-Qamr. The actual number of killed and missing was about eight hundred. But I am not writing a history of the civil war, I am merely jotting down a few personal experiences for my children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

After the burning of al-Hadeth, for several nights I walked about the Girls' School, which was not far from our house. Not that I feared an attack from the Druses, but an attack upon the *nerves* of the girls and the teachers. The strain was so great that the missionaries decided that the school be abandoned and that Mrs. Bliss and I should close our house and proceed to Beirût, as my services were needed there. Thousands, men, women and children, had fled from their ruined homes in the mountains and were homeless in Beirût, wholly dependent upon charity. A few days after our arrival at Beirût a most urgent letter came from Mr. Bird from Deir-al-Qamr, saying that the town was surrounded by Druses, that his house was filled with refugees (Protestants) and that they were about destitute of flour and that none could be bought at any price, as the Druses prevented all provisions from entering the town. Dr. Thomson immediately said that I must go. He was disabled by a sprained ankle. Mrs. Jessup required her husband's presence. Dr. Van Dyck could not be spared. We hired ten or twelve mules, loaded them with flour and started. The muleteers were all Moslems except one (he made us trouble later),

for we thought it not wise to take with us either of the contending parties. The cavass of the American Consulate accompanied us, a fine, tall, well-built Moslem, wearing a long Damascus sword and mounted on a large horse. We went the first day to Abeih, where Mr. Calhoun insisted that one or two loads of the flour must be left for him. All went quietly till we came to a Druse village, about one hour from Deir-al-Qamr. All was quiet there and the cavass and I passed through the village and were giving our horses a drink at the fountain when we heard angry shouts of men and the shrill shrieks of women from below. We put spurs to our horses and galloped down to the square, where we saw three or four men and a multitude of women and children surrounding our mules and beginning to unload the flour. The cavass raised himself in the stirrups, drew his long, semi-circular sword, turned to me in the confusion and shouted, "Shall I smite?" I replied, "No!" and, waving my hand gently to command silence, and observing the chief man among them, said to him in a low tone of voice, "What are you doing with my flour?" All was silence for a few seconds and then he replied, "I am ordered by our government not to allow anything to pass through this village to Deir-al-Qamr." There was a murmur. He had made a point. Another move of the hand. I said, "Did you know that there was a treaty between the great Sultan of Turkey and the King of the United States of America (I used the word "King," as the term "President"

was not known out there) that an American may pass through all parts of Turkey unmolested and take with him such things as are needed for the journey?" He thought a moment and then said: "I know not of treaties or Sultans or Kings. I know that I must obey my own Governor." There were more murmurs and shouting. He had made another point. Another move of the hand and another silence obtained, and I said in a lower tone of voice and more confidently: "Very well. Then you proceed according to rule in such cases. You take the mules, the flour, the pack-saddles and everything and give me your receipt, signed and sealed by yourself, with the cavass and these men as witnesses." He hesitated, looked at the cavass, at the men who crowded about him, and then bowed low, as if to take the dust from the ground, and put up his hand and said: "For your Honour's sake we will let you pass." Soon the loads were readjusted and we were on our way to Deir-al-Qamr.

This incident had an amusing consequence. Some twenty years later a dignified-looking, white-bearded Druse by the name of Hamiyeh was stationed as gateman at one of the College entrances. In and out of this gate the President had passed almost daily for several years, when one day the sunlight striking Hamiyeh in a peculiar way revealed to Dr. Bliss a hitherto unnoticed familiarity in his features. "Hamiyeh," he said solemnly, "you are one of the men who tried to stop my mules on the way to Deir-al-Qamr!" The gateman fell on his knees. "Forgive me! Forgive me!" he cried.

With quiet amusement the President told him to get up and attend to his business. Thus was the daily apprehension of years lifted from the conscience of Hamiyeh.

In the evening several of the leading men of Deir-al-Qamr came into Mr. Bird's study to inquire about the state of the country. They had for days been surrounded by a guard of Druses sufficiently strong to prevent all communication from outside. I told them of the massacre at Hasbêya and expressed the opinion that there would be one at the Deir. They were much alarmed and asked what could be done. I stated that the main body of Druses was now at Zahleh and that only a small guard was in the vicinity of the Deir, and advised them "to flee this night with all the men and boys to Beirût, leaving the women and girls at home." They were really demoralized and alarmed, and objected to following my advice, saying that some of them would be shot by the guard. "Very likely," I replied, "but not many." In less than a week's time they were massacred, eight hundred men from that village alone. It may sound strange that I advised them to "leave the women and girls at home." It is not strange when you know that in time of war no Druse was ever known to molest a woman or girl. It is against their principles, if not their religion. I seem to see now the anxious countenances of those doomed men sitting in Mr. Bird's study over forty-eight years ago.

The next morning after this interview we started

on our return to Beirût, anticipating a quiet time. But soon after starting I saw behind us a man with a gun on his shoulder coming after us. I supposed it was some Christian, who, having escaped from the guard through the line, hoped to join our party and go on in safety to Beirût. As the man approached nearer I saw that he was a Druse and that from his looks he meant mischief. My road at this point was of a circular form and the man took a cross-cut so as to meet me at the junction of the foot-path and the main road. As he approached within ten or fifteen feet of me, the man began to finger his gun and took it from his shoulder. In the meantime I had dismounted and stood in front of him and said, "What are you going to do?" He replied, "I am going to shoot that man." He pointed to my one Christian muleteer who stood at my horse's head at its side. Then I said: "This man is from Beirût. He has no part in this war between the Maronites and the Druses." He replied: "No matter. He is a Christian." Then I said: "He is my muleteer." The same reply: "No matter. He is a Christian." At this he shoved the barrel of his gun past my side, when I brought my hand with force on his shoulders, shook him and said: "There is to be no shooting in my presence." The coward let back the trigger of his old flint-lock and said: "For your Honour's sake I will not shoot," and went away. I have thanked God a thousand times since that I had *not* a pistol—never carried one.

A half hour after this another Druse proposed to shoot the muleteer. I ordered the man not to stir from my side, but as we approached Beirût, near my home at Sûq-al-Gharb, an old enemy of his appeared and, cocking his gun, said, "Now I have you!" But then my horse's head appeared around the corner. The Druse knew me and gave salaams. All through these scenes I was not conscious of being afraid, but on arriving home my wife said, "What is the matter with you? You look as pale as death."

Yes, I was frightened once coming along by the side of a garden in a lonely place wholly shut off from my view by a high hedge of bushes. I came opposite a narrow wicket-gate in which stood a Druse with his hand at the breast-pocket, where pistols are usually kept. From this he drew with a quick motion—not a pistol, but a long, cool cucumber! He laughed and I laughed. The cucumber was refreshing in that hot June noon-day and cooled me off.

In less than a week after I returned, word came again that more flour was needed at the Deir. I told Dr. Thomson that I could not go again without a guard of Turkish soldiers besides our own cavass. Our Consul sent his chief Dragoman with me to the foot of the mountains to request from the Turkish General, who was encamped there, a small guard of soldiers. We found no one in camp except a secretary. He informed us that His Excellency had heard that there might be trouble at

Deir-al-Qamr and had therefore started the afternoon before for that place. I asked where His Excellency encamped last. He answered, "At Shweifat" (three miles away), and then I asked where he would encamp that night. He replied, "At Jisr-al-Qadi" (thus taking a day and a half to cover a distance over which I have ridden in five hours). The Dragoman and I turned back. I said to him: "We shall hear of a massacre in Deir-al-Qamr to-morrow." We heard of it before we reached Beirût. His Excellency had planned, of course (!), to get to Deir-al-Qamr in time to prevent the massacre, but he failed. Mr. Bird and family had left the Deir a few days before the awful bloodshed.

After the massacre at Hasbêya the women were left in great danger from the Moslem soldiers. A man came from there who was saved by throwing himself among the dead bodies and hiding beneath them. His clothes were covered with blood and stains. On hearing that the women and girls were in peril, Dr. William Eddy and I called on the English Consul-General and volunteered to go and bring the women to Beirût on condition that he would send with us a cavass with the English flag. The American flag was little known or respected then in the interior. The English Consul-General declined to comply with our request, saying that "the flag might be insulted and that would complicate matters." Dr. Eddy and I were indignant for we were dominated by compassion for the

poor women in Hasbêya and not by the higher (or lower) demands of diplomacy.

Most of the inhabitants of Southern Lebanon fled to Beirût for safety. There were many thousands of them—men, women and children, all destitute, with little clothing and no food. English merchants, missionaries and others advanced money for the present necessities and made an appeal to England and America for funds. The response was quick and most liberal. More was received than was needed and more than was actually given out. A committee was formed called "The Anglo-American Relief Committee." The English in Beirût kept the accounts and received the clothing sent from England, but the distribution was left mostly to the American missionaries. I assisted for a few days—a week or more—and then was taken down with a slight fever followed by a large, dangerous carbuncle on the side of my head.

For some time every one had expected an attack on Beirût. It was reported that an agreement had been made by the Druses on the mountains and some of the baser sort of Moslems at Beirût to attack the city on a certain night—the Druses to loot the houses, the Moslems to attack the bankers, the merchants and the shops. That the arrangement was made is certain. Why it was not carried out is not clear to me even more than forty-eight years afterwards. We were living in the upper part of the city at the house of Mr. Hurter. About sunset I was asked to meet the missionaries at the printing

press. It was agreed that all the Americans in the city should spend the night there. An arrangement was made with the English men-of-war that in case of an attack we would send up rockets, and boats would land at a certain point and take us on board. I returned to Mr. Hurter's and there witnessed a degree of trust, confidence, faith and obedience seldom seen. I said: "Ladies, put on your bonnets and follow me, asking no questions." Mrs. Hurter, Mrs. Bliss and Miss Hurter, without a word to me, put on their bonnets, gathered the children together and followed me down the stairs, down the narrow path between prickly-pear hedges to the stronghold of the American Press. We arrived at the Press safely. The children slept well and there was no alarm.

About this time there was a great commotion in the city. It was said that a Christian had killed a Moslem; true or not, the report spread. The whole Moslem population of the baser sort were everywhere brandishing their sticks and clubs and threatening all Christians. I was standing on the terrace of Mr. Hurter's house and saw three young men make an attack on a Christian lad just below. I jumped down and mildly asked them what the boy had done. They said that he had entered the *harem* (women's apartment), a great crime. I got between them and him and told them if he had been guilty he must be punished by the proper authorities, and that I would go with them and enter a complaint, but that they ought not to take the law

into their own hands. While haranguing them I gave the Christian boy a shove and he ran away. Soon after this, an hour or so, I mounted my horse and rode down the street towards the Press to confer with Dr. Thomson. The roofs of the houses were covered with women. They screamed out with shrill voices: "Butcher him! Butcher him!" Whether they referred to me or not I do not know. I was in a hurry; I did not stop to examine. The city was quieted when a Christian was caught,—the supposed murderer,—and killed. It was reported that he said, "Although I am innocent, I am ready to die if my death will quell the people."

The next day, or perhaps it was the same afternoon (I write from memory), a man-of-war came into the harbour having on board a thousand Turkish soldiers commanded by a Hungarian General, a Christian who had served in the Turkish army since the days of Kossuth. In an almost incredibly short time he had landed the troops and distributed them through the town in bands of fifty, forty, twenty-five, ten and five. He himself on horseback rode through the streets with drawn sword ordering the crowds to disperse and not infrequently accompanying his orders with blows from the flat side of his sword upon the shoulders of some white-turbaned Moslem. Mr. Ford, having known the General once before in Aleppo, called almost immediately upon him and told him of the situation. The General was thankful for the information. Mr. Ford asked the General if he could

hold the town. He replied that he could if he could trust his men, and then asked Mr. Ford to call again. After an hour he went again at the time appointed. The General said, "It is all right. We have the control. I can trust my men." Shortly after this I called on the General and being from the mountains he questioned me about the roads, the defiles, the distances, the water along several routes and made sketches of my descriptions. He expected then that he might be called from the plains. He had been to Sidon before I saw him and left behind him the mobs quieted there. He said to me, "I told the Governor of Sidon, 'You take care, for *heads are very loose* these days.'" That Hungarian General was dismissed from the Turkish service very soon after. Was he too energetic?

A contingent of the French army arrived in due time, encamped in the pines on the Plain of Beirût, and sent detachments into the mountains. This gave confidence to the people and they soon began to return to their villages and commenced to repair their houses. The houses on the mountain are made of stone and therefore the walls, for the most part, were not materially injured by the fire. Quiet, for the most part, prevailed. The Druses were alarmed, of course, supposing that Western armies were like their own hordes carrying destruction before them instead of being an organized band to suppress wrong, to protect the weak and to give every one his natural rights. Still the Druses had

some reason to fear, for in one or two cases the camp followers committed murder.

I was in Beirût one day and on my return to the mountains at Kefr Shîma, a village partly on the plain and partly on the hill, I saw a half dozen Christians make an attack upon as many Druse muleteers who had ventured down to Beirût. The Commander of a French company was encamped in a village near by. He, of course, had no knowledge of the events going on. I wrote on a piece of wrapping paper to Dr. Thomson and sent it to Beirût. The English Vice-Consul called on me at Sûq-al-Gharb to obtain all the particulars. Representations were made by different Consuls-General to the General of the French Army of Occupation and he was glad of the information. After that we heard of no more murders by camp-followers.

The French remained one year; order was restored. The Government of the Lebanon was made semi-independent. A new order of things was agreed upon by the Sultan and the five great Powers, which order continues till the present time. [Dr. Bliss was writing before the War: see footnote.[1]] The great crowd of refugees for the most

[1] Editor's Note.—The Constitution of the Lebanon (issued in 1861 and amended in 1864) provided for an autonomous province, ruled by an Ottoman Governor, to be nominated by the Sultan and confirmed by the great Powers. He should be a Christian but not a native of the Lebanon. All officials under him were to be Lebanese—Christian, Druse or Moslem, in accordance with their distribution and numerical strength. The Lebanese were exempted from Ottoman military service. A definite

part returned to their homes, although many settled down in Beirût, especially those from Damascus. The great work of caring for the destitute was transferred from the city to the mountain villages and small towns. Through the advice of the Anglo-American Committee the American missionaries divided the country devastated by the Druses into sections, each section to be cared for by some one of their number. Some forty villages fell to my charge, each one of which either I or my assistant teacher visited weekly for several months, distributing among them clothing, bedding and money according to their necessities. Over seven thousand garments were cut out in our house: dresses for women, girls, little children and even for unborn babies. Then they were made into bundles containing not only the cut-out garment, but lining and thread and needles. Once or twice a week there would be a distribution at our house to some villages previously agreed upon, or my teacher and I would take them with us to the village.

I remember a pitiful sight. We had gone to a

revenue was fixed but nothing was held to be due to the Imperial treasury till local expenditure should be covered. But instead of finding the Lebanon, as reconstituted, a financial asset, the Central Government was called upon, for a number of years, to subsidize the local government.

This Constitution, though generally respected by the Turks during the War, was violated in one fundamental particular. Thus while exemption from military service was continued, the Governor-General and other important officials were Mohammedan Turks.

village with a load of things and, while we were dealing them out, a woman whispered in my ear and said, pointing down to a certain house, "There is a woman there with two daughters who cannot come out, for they have nothing to wear." We had with us several dresses all made up. So I left my teacher and took three garments and knocked at the door. An arm, bare up to the shoulder, was thrust out. I handed in the dresses. When far up the hill on my return I saw three women standing with uplifted hands and voices saying, "God bless you; God bless the English and the Americans. God bless the missionaries!"

The next week I did not go to the village in person but sent the money to the priest with a list of the names, and requested him to make the distribution. The following week I called on the woman who had received the garments and asked her how she was getting on. She replied that after I had left they were very comfortable but that they had suffered the last week for want of food. "How is that," I said, "for you had your money as usual?" Rather hesitatingly she replied, "No. He kept it. I do not deny the debt I owed him." I returned to the priest's house and in the presence of quite an audience made an address more in the spirit of the Imprecatory Psalms than of the Sermon on the Mount. On returning home I related the events of the day. An Englishman, an ex-Colonel of the Indian Army, hearing the story of the priest and the poor widow, burst forth wholly in the spirit of the

cursing Psalms and declared that he would ride over to the village and horsewhip the priest. But having by this time regretted the spirit of my address before the priest, and his neighbours, I persuaded the irate ex-Colonel not to go on his ride. The priest is not a specimen of all priests, for among them are men of high character.

The distribution went on through the Winter and early Spring with many episodes, some amusing and many sad. Once a poor woman appeared at my study and related a sad story. "My husband has been killed; I am a poor widow; my home is destroyed; my relatives murdered, and I am left destitute with three little children. I am from Jezzîn and I am going to Beirût. I left my three little ones under a fig-tree at the junction of the road out there." Her story moved me but I coldly though kindly said: "Jezzîn is not under my charge. You must go back beyond the junction to Abeih and Mr. Bird, who has charge of that district, will listen to your appeal." She went sadly away and left me feeling sadly for her. A few days after this there appeared a woman closely veiled, who said that she was a maiden lady, a Druse from the village just below us, and that she knew we made no distinction between the different sects but were always ready to help the destitute, etc. I rose from my chair, took her not too tenderly by the arm and said: "You are a poor widow from Jezzîn. Your three children are under a fig-tree at the junction over there. Go." She went. Although she was

closely veiled, I had recognized her by her voice, as well as from her manner of speech.

As the Spring of 1861 approached, I found that there were many names on my list of recipients who were no longer absolutely needy, strong, able-bodied men and boys. We saw also that indiscriminate charity tended as usual to debase and pauperize. So when I reported my observations of the situation to the Anglo-American Committee, I proposed to repair the road, a mere bridle-path, from the foot of the mountain on towards Deir-al-Qamr, and to pay full wages to those who worked. The committee fully approved the plan.

Then Daûd, my helper, went to the villages with lists in hand. When we found a family consisting of a widow with small children, the list remained as it was. When we came to where there was an able-bodied man, the weekly sum, previously given, was reduced by the amount the man could earn by his labour. It was astonishing how much less our weekly free disbursements were, and still more astonishing how the work put new life and hope into the community. It was a joyful sight, when a hundred men and boys at the time appointed appeared at the foot of the hill with crowbars, mattocks, shovels and stone-hammers, laughing and shouting for joy. The stone-arched bridge we built at the foot of the hill still stands after these forty-eight years and will continue to stand till it gives way to a wider one for the automobiles of the future.

VII

THE FOUNDING OF THE SYRIAN PROTESTANT COLLEGE

SOME years before writing his personal Reminiscences, Dr. Bliss prepared an account of the founding of the College. Its contents, covering some one hundred pages, include copies of Resolutions, official letters, newspaper commendations, etc., etc. The following account is abridged from that manuscript.

During the years 1861 and 1862 the Reverend Dr. William M. Thomson and I frequently conversed on the subject of Higher Education for Syria and the Arabic-speaking peoples of the East. Experience had led the missionaries to regard with little favour the plan to educate young men out of the country. The Malta College, which was designed to educate young men living in countries bordering on the Mediterranean as near their home as possible, had not been a success. Individuals, who had been more or less educated in England or on the Continent, exerted very little influence, on their return, in elevating their countrymen, but on the contrary their defective education tended rather to unfit them for usefulness by taking them out of sympathy with their own people. Quite a number

of these did not return to settle in the country but remained abroad; and of those who returned not one ever became a man of influence as author, teacher, or preacher. On the other hand, several men, who had been educated in the Mission Seminary, under the care of Mr. Hebard, and at a later period in Abeih Academy, first under the care of Dr. Van Dyck and then of Mr. Calhoun, became prominent men and contributed to the great object for which Missions are established. But while the general demand for education increased, the course of study in the Abeih Academy was more or less modified to meet the specific wants of the Mission in furnishing common-school teachers and other native helpers, and thus became even less adapted to meet all the demands of the country than it was at an earlier period. It was manifest that to educate large numbers out of the country, even if in the course of time a foreign education should prove satisfactory, would require more money than the people could pay and more than the benevolent would furnish. It was also manifest that missionary societies, depending, mainly, for their support on small contributions, given for the direct preaching of the Gospel and for teaching children enough to enable them to read understandingly, could not divert their funds for this higher education.

These considerations led to the devising of other means to meet the evident demand. Many points, connected with the whole subject, were discussed, in an informal way, by the missionaries and others

before any definite plans were proposed. It was generally conceded that the time had come to establish in Syria an institution which should become, in time, equal to the better American Colleges. The opinion was held, with few to dissent, that the language of the College should be the Arabic—that all instruction and text-books should be in that language, except the instruction given in learning foreign languages. It was seen, from the first, that funds to establish such an institution would have to be furnished from America and England. This fact brought up the questions of raising the needed funds, of caring for them, and of the general control of the institution. It appeared evident that a Board of Trustees, legalized by some responsible government, was necessary to give confidence in an enterprise calling for large donations, contributions and legacies from men of wealth. It probably never occurred to any one even to ask the question whether such a Board of Trustees should be legalized by the Turkish Government. It was taken for granted that a charter must be obtained either from England or America, and that a Board of Trustees in one of these lands, or in both conjointly, should be legally authorized to hold and invest funds and to administer them in the interest of the proposed object. The difficulty of carrying on a College by a Board of Trustees four or seven thousand miles from the base of operations was recognized and, to mitigate this difficulty, it was suggested that a Board of Managers living in Syria and vicinity

should be created to act for the Trustees in all local matters. At this point a very important question arose—viz., who shall compose the Board of Managers and who shall be the President of the College. It was a favourite theory of Dr. Thomson and of some others that, so far as possible, the College should be indigenous, identified with the country, taught largely by native teachers, and that the President should be a Syrian. On further consideration, and in view of well-known facts, this theory was abandoned before any concerted action was taken. Mr. James Black, an English merchant of large experience in dealing with the people of the country, stated that he could not recommend an institution to the patronage of benevolent men unless its President and Board of Managers were Americans or Englishmen. He gave it as his opinion that the natives themselves would have far more confidence in its efficiency and stability if it were controlled by Franks than if controlled by natives. Remarks made about the same time by several natives, both Moslem and Christian, on an entirely different subject, corroborated his sentiment. There was a proposition to bring water to Beirût from the Dog River, and a meeting was called to form a company. After much discussion a preliminary canvass was made to ascertain the amount of stock that would be taken in case a charter was obtained. This brought out the remark from several natives: "If you [meaning Mr. Black and several other English merchants] will take control of

the company and be responsible, we will furnish the money. *We cannot trust ourselves.*" The company was not formed. Ten or more years after an English company supplied Beirût with water.[1] The fact that the natives themselves expressed in words and, even more, by their acts, greater confidence in foreign control than in their own, led us to abandon the theory of having the Board of Managers composed wholly or in part of natives and of having the President a native. It was thought best that American and English missionaries and other American and English residents in Syria and Egypt should constitute the Board of Managers, they all belonging to some branch of the Evangelical Church, and that the President should be chosen from the missionaries of the Syrian Mission.

At the meeting of the Mission on January 23, 1862, Dr. Thomson brought up the subject and suggested that Mr. Bliss be the Principal. It was then voted that Messrs. Thomson and Bliss be a committee to prepare a minute in relation to the contemplated literary institution to be located in Beirût. Mr. Bliss was surprised at the mention of his name as Principal, for in his conversations with Dr. Thomson, while all the other missionaries had been spoken of in this connection, his name and qualifications had not been mentioned. He therefore asked to be excused from the meeting for a day

[1] Some 50 years later the company was reorganized with a Syrian for President.

or two to enable him to consult with his wife at Sûq-al-Gharb, before accepting or declining a position involving so many changes in their life-work. On Monday, January 27, the committee, in their report, recommended the establishment of a Literary Institution of a high character, to be guided and guarded by the combined wisdom and experience of the Mission, and that this important project should be submitted to the Prudential Committee of the American Board in Boston for their consideration and sanction, with the request that the Mission be authorized to appoint Mr. Daniel Bliss to be the Principal of the Institution, it being understood that, until the expected endowment were secured, he should continue his connection with the Mission and derive his support from the Board. This recommendation was endorsed by a vote of the Mission. It may be noticed that, while keeping in closest touch with the Mission, the proposed College was not to be organically connected therewith.

A correspondence with the secretaries in Boston and others brought out the following points: that the proposition made to the Board was the first of its kind and hence required very serious consideration; that it was most important that the establishment of the College should not jeopardize the training of a Christian ministry, a work which was as yet by no means accomplished; that as, owing to the demand of the country, the creation of a higher institution was inevitable, it was essential that the first of the kind should be established by Protes-

tants, not by Jesuits; that the pupils should be educated with reference to the business which they might propose to follow, as ministers of the Gospel, lawyers, physicians, engineers, secretaries, interpreters, merchants, clerks, etc., thus avoiding the reproach of sending forth helpless and useless drones upon society; that, where suitable persons could be obtained, the native Arab element should be introduced as fast as possible into the professorships and other teaching positions, in all departments of the College, in order that the Syrians might have every facility for qualifying themselves to assume, at no distant day, the entire management of the institution; that care should be exercised to prevent the students from becoming denationalized; that, in the interests of the independence and self-respect of the student-body, the principle of self-support should be fostered as far as possible.

Acting on the vote of the Mission, Mrs. Bliss and myself, with our children, sailed for the United States on August 14, 1862, landing in New York September 17. Soon after our arrival the Annual Meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. was held at Springfield, Massachusetts. I was appointed to speak on a resolution in regard to reinforcing the Missions, and the late Honorable William E. Dodge was to be the next speaker. As I had had no rest from the long journey from Syria, my haggard appearance seemed to enforce upon the mind of Mr. Dodge what was said of the magnitude of the work and of the necessity of *reinforcing* the overworked mission-

aries. When he spoke he used words to this effect: "When our young brother was speaking I was so moved that there was not a dry thread in the shirt on my back." Mr. Dodge was unknown to us except by name at that time, but he invited Mrs. Bliss and me to dine with him at the Massasoit House. We had a private table—the company consisted of Mr. William E. Dodge, Mrs. Dodge, their son, Reverend D. Stuart Dodge and his wife. During the dinner Mr. Dodge asked Mrs. Bliss if her husband had come home on account of his health, and she assured him that his health was perfect, then stated in a general way the plans for the proposed College. The conversation soon became more general and the needs and objects of the enterprise were more fully explained. Before we rose from the table Mr. Dodge said to his son, "Stuart, that seems to me to be a good thing; we must look into it." Subsequent events revealed the results of his remark. The fountain of benevolence in Mr. Dodge's heart was not enlarged, but a new channel was opened for his benefactions.

Steps for the legal incorporation of the Syrian Protestant College, under the laws of the State of New York, were first taken early in the year 1863. In preparing the bill, the founders secured the distinguished legal advice of Samuel J. Tilden. Six trustees were provisionally chosen and held meetings. Of these, four were from New York: William A. Booth (President), William E. Dodge, David Hoadley, and S. B. Chittenden; and two from Boston: Abner Kingman and Joseph S. Ropes. Mr.

Bliss, the nominee for President, during his entire sojourn of about two years in the United States, continued to be a missionary of the Board, under the direction of its secretaries, making addresses on its behalf, and, for a period, acting himself as New York secretary. A bill to incorporate the Syrian Protestant College and Robert College (Constantinople), previously introduced into the Assembly at Albany, was signed by Governor Seymour on May 14, 1864.[1] These two institutions are thus not only sisters but twins. On June 7 the constitution was adopted by the trustees, who, on July 14, formally elected Mr. Bliss President. The local Board of Managers, resident in Syria, Palestine and Egypt, eighteen in all, included the British and American Consuls, British and American missionaries and British merchants. Their services, all important during the early days of the College, became less and less necessary as means of rapid communication with the trustees increased. After the resignation of Dr. Daniel Bliss in 1902, their vote to dissolve themselves was confirmed by the trustees.

During these months of organization, Mr. Bliss, in connection with his work for the Board, and with the cordial coöperation of clergy and other philanthropists, was endeavouring to give wide publicity to the new enterprise. This was always represented as the direct outcome of mission work. Many newspapers, religious and secular, cordially took up the propaganda. In May, 1863, at the request of a score of men, including Drs. Roswell D. Hitchcock, George L. Prentiss, William Adams, Thomas S. Hastings, as well as prominent laymen, ad-

[1] The College is now recognized by the Department of Education at Albany as forming part of the University of the State of New York.

dressed a meeting at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. In his speech Mr. Bliss emphasized the need of the Near East, so cursed with medical quacks and jugglers, for trained physicians, as well as the importance of religious, non-sectarian instruction, with the Bible as a constant text-book. It was announced that the leading object of the College was to lay the foundations of a Christian literature, through which the millions of Asia, the Barbary States, Egypt and Central Africa might be reached and blessed. The six departments of study contemplated were to comprise Arabic Language and Literature; Mathematics; Astronomy and Engineering; Chemistry, Botany, and Natural Science; Modern Languages; Medicine; Law and Jurisprudence. With the exception of the last named item, this programme has been carried out. It has been extended to cover Philosophy, Economics, Social Science, Commerce, etc.

The burden of creating an endowment fell with the greatest weight upon the shoulders of the President-elect. The following brief note accompanied the first (or possibly the second) cash payment. "Enclosed is a brick (one dollar) for the proposed Syrian College, if such a small sum is accepted. I wish it were a thousand instead of one."

In the securing of funds—he did not "solicit"—Dr. Bliss relied largely on interesting individuals personally. He seldom took up a collection. He was indefatigable in making calls—one day the number reached a dozen! His usual method, after stating briefly the claims of the College, was to leave his little "book" with his host, who at his leisure could look over former contributions and, if he so pleased, make his addition. He seldom asked directly for a donation. However, he once named a sum

with the happiest results. In a letter introducing Mr. Bliss to a well-known giver, the writer thereof stated that the bearer was a modest man, and begged that he should not be allowed to suffer on that account. After listening to Mr. Bliss, the philanthropist said: "Well, I will give you two thousand dollars." "Can't you make it five?" gently suggested Mr. Bliss. The philanthropist brought his hand down heavily on his desk. "Good God!" he said, "I shall write my friend that Mr. Bliss is *not* a modest man!" He put his name down for five.

The College never accepted contributions to the endowment which involved hampering conditions. That English eccentric of notoriety, Robert Arthington, with whom Mr. Bliss corresponded for years, refused, in spite of his great interest in the College, to contribute largely thereto when he found that the institution would not use his cash in hurrying up Providence to fulfill prophecy in accordance with the Arthington form of interpretation! Another friend of the College diverted the channel of her benevolence to another institution because the President of the Syrian Protestant College would not give a pledge that it would never practise vivisection.

During five visits made to England or America, or both, from 1874 to 1899, Dr. Bliss increased the endowment fund, and obtained further gifts for the College. Some experiences of a College President in the task of money-getting, culled from his letters from 1864 on, may be here presented for the comfort and amusement of his fellow-sufferers.

Raising money is a most disagreeable business, the best way we look at it. Yet I have not been re-

ceived by any one with any degree of incivility, but on the contrary with kindness and respect. . . . I do not feel discouraged in the least. The money is somewhere and one of these days we shall find it. . . . I have given up setting the time [for completing the endowment]. It will come in God's own time, which is better. . . . The whole course of benevolence in the world is too much dependent upon personal influence. The reputation of the solicitor and his standing have more to do with contributions than the object to be aided. . . . I am fishing in deep waters, for large fish. When I have failed (?) I will take some small fry. . . . This morning I called on Mr. P. [Hampstead, London]. He asked me about the College, etc. I said, "I must go now," but he wished "to show me a view," and while I was looking at the view he took the opportunity to write a cheque for ten guineas. Then I called on Mr. M.—told him I had just come from Mr. P.'s. "Oh, yes," said he, "Mr. P. told me that he met you in Beirût and that Mrs. Bliss gave him the best dinner he ate while he was away; there was a turkey that lasted him a week!" I suppose the remembrance of the turkey helped get the ten pounds. The benevolent organ lies near the stomach. . . . Last night I went to the Church of Dr. V. D. [New York]. Asked him how long I should speak. He replied, "How long a time do you wish?" I said, "Just as *you* wish, from five minutes to two hours." He looked at me sharply and said, "If you can speak five minutes or two

hours, you are the most remarkable missionary, secretary or agent I ever saw. Some of them come here and tire my people out. I don't let them in often. . . . I called on my old friend, Sir Samuel Morley [London]—one of the pleasantest men I ever saw. There were a dozen people waiting to see him. Each one sent in his name and waited his turn. Mine finally came and I went in. He came forward and shook hands most cordially, but said: "I am just off for America and cannot give you a minute; what do you want?" I replied: "A donation from twenty thousand pounds to one pound!" He said: "What do you want such large sums for?" I replied, "For endowments." We talked for a few minutes; in the meantime he put his arms on my shoulder and finally said: "I will send you one hundred pounds before I leave and help you yearly with something." I am told that every Monday morning Sir Samuel's firm places one thousand pounds to his credit which he gives away during the week. Now don't think that he ought to have given me more, for his applications are so numerous. . . . I called on our acquaintance, Lady B. [a peeress of social influence in London], and found she was in Switzerland. To call on her does no good but not to call on her might do harm. . . . I listened to-day to one of the best speeches I ever heard on Missions from a missionary from China. It had the ring of an earnest soul; so unlike the "namby-pamby" trash of a personal experience.

During his two years in the United States (1863–1865) Mr. Bliss made 279 public addresses, for the most part in New York State, Pennsylvania and New England. In travelling to deliver these he covered 16,993 miles. He attended two commencements of his Alma Mater, who made him a Doctor of Divinity. In the summers he took short holidays when he amused himself by fishing for trout. But he did not visit his family in Ohio till the last dollar of the one hundred thousand was secured. It was deemed advisable that, until the paper currency should reach par, the College should be supported by funds which it was hoped might be collected in England. For some of his English experiences we may turn to his personal Reminiscences.

On September 10, 1864, we sailed with our three children for England. I took with me letters of introduction to Mr. Schmettau, the Secretary of the Evangelical Alliance, which was then a powerful organization, under the Presidency of Lord Colthorpe. He received me cordially and said: "I am so glad you have come just at this time, for Mr. ——— has asked me to provide a speaker for a large drawing-room meeting soon to meet in the interest of the Alliance." In those days any gentleman wishing to promote the interests of the Alliance threw open his house and invited a hundred or more guests to listen to information from some foreign country. I was glad of the opportunity to meet such a representative assembly. The parlours were well filled with ladies and gentlemen. I spoke for an hour or more on the history of Syria, its in-

habitants, its extent, etc., and gave a detailed account of the missionary work conducted by the different societies, commencing with the English Church and Bishop Gobat's School at Jerusalem, and ending up with the work of the A. B. C. F. M. This prepared the way to speak of the Syrian Protestant College which, most likely, was wholly unknown to every one in the audience. The reasons for establishing such an institution were given and a statement of its charter by the State of New York was made, also the standing of the Trustees. Then I stated that I had just come from America, where a hundred thousand dollars had been secured towards an endowment. Up to this point I had spoken easily and freely, without embarrassment, for the subject was familiar to me after talking on it for two years in America. But the embarrassment came when a hundred thousand dollars was mentioned. Our host in a falsetto voice called out from the further end of the room: "A hundred thousand dollars in *greenbacks?*" Some laughed outright; some tittered; ladies covered their faces with their handkerchiefs and I stood "cast down but not discouraged." I simply said: "I will come to that point in a minute." I was embarrassed and talked on, as the lawyers say, on time, not knowing what I said. Then in a minute suddenly an answer came to me, from where I know not. I said: "Now, sir, in regard to your question. This hundred thousand dollars, or this twenty thousand pounds, is in 'greenbacks.' Two months ago it would have

taken two hundred and forty dollars of greenbacks to make one hundred dollars in gold, or in your own currency two months ago it would take two hundred and forty pounds in greenbacks to make one hundred in gold. I see from the quotation in the *London Times* to-day that it would take only one hundred and thirty-eight dollars in greenbacks to make one hundred dollars in gold." Then with uplifted hands and voice I said: "And, ladies and gentlemen, the time is coming when a hundred pounds of greenbacks will be worth as much as any hundred pounds of gold ever coined in the English mint," and sat down amid the cheers and waving of handkerchiefs. Several came forward and said: "We do not agree with your philosophy but we admire the American confidence in the final success of the big country."

This meeting gave me an introduction to a large circle of influential and benevolent ladies and gentlemen. I spoke before these at some other meetings, on which occasions the mission work in the Near East and the College were dwelt upon. Also I travelled under the auspices of the Turkish Mission Aid Society to many parts of England, Scotland and Ireland and made addresses to larger and smaller audiences. One of these was given in one of the oldest chapels in London, where Toplady and Rowland Hill preached.

Articles about the College were published in various periodicals, notably *Good Words, The Sunday at Home* and *The British Weekly.* A

prospectus and circulars, similar to those used in America, were commended by over forty of the leading men in the commercial, political and religious world. Among these were Lord Colthorpe, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Dufferin, Reverend Horatius Bonar, Dr. Thomas Guthrie, Dr. Newman Hall, Dr. Norman M'Cleod, Canon Tristram, Dr. R. W. Dale, Samuel Morley, etc., etc. We were in Great Britain from September 23, 1864, to February 13, 1866, a little less than a year and a half, and collected a little more than four thousand pounds, which enabled us to commence and carry on the College till the one hundred thousand dollars of greenbacks were at par. After we left England some small contributions were made to the College and Miss Portal of Russell Square left by will annuities which were sold for over sixteen thousand dollars. Our stay in England was most agreeable and we made the acquaintance of many charming people and this notwithstanding that the sympathies at that time of the great majority of the English people were not with the American Government in its effort to maintain the *Union* of the States. This general dislike was indicated by a remark of our Ambassador, Mr. Adams, when I called at his office. He said, "I am glad to see an American missionary; for this class the English have nothing but words of commendation."

Several events occurred while we were collecting funds in England which would hardly be worthy

of mention except as they contributed to our success by calling the attention of leading men to our work. I was invited to be one of the speakers at an annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Old Exeter Hall. Lord Shaftesbury was in the chair. He at that time (1864) was one of the prominent men in England,—if not the most prominent,—in promoting benevolent, social and evangelical enterprises. Those who spoke before I was called upon commenced their addresses in the usual and very proper way by congratulating the secretaries of the Society that they had been able to secure the presence of his Lordship to grace and honour the occasion, or words to that effect. My introduction was as follows: "Allow me, my noble Lord, first of all to congratulate your Lordship that you have the honour to preside at the meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the grandest on the face of the earth." His Lordship cheered the remark and in his closing address alluded to it, saying that he regarded this opportunity as the greatest honour of his life. He became a warm friend and promoted by his influence the interests of the College. After this he opened his parlours for a drawing-room meeting and invited many distinguished ladies and gentlemen to hear me talk on Syria and the mission work in the Orient.

The late Duke of Argyll also gave me much assistance in the way of influence. I became acquainted with him at a meeting called by him to express sympathy for the American people on the

assassination of Mr. Lincoln. He was in the chair and made the best address I ever heard on the relation of the Union of the States to the individual States. He called on me to speak. After that the Duchess invited us to breakfast to meet Mr. Holman Hunt. Ten years later at some meeting her Grace recognized me, came forward and shook hands and then invited me to spend a few days—mentioning the time—at Inverary Castle, in Scotland. (Mrs. Bliss was in America.) On arriving at Edinburgh I heard the sad news that the Duchess had had a stroke of paralysis. I wrote a note expressing my sympathy to the Duke and saying that I would postpone my visit. By the return of post the Duke replied that I should come at the time appointed and that the Duchess would be able to see me a short time each day. I went and spent a few days at the castle, according to the invitation. I saw the Duchess every day. The whole family were there, including the Duke himself, and also Lord Shaftesbury and other guests. I preached in the parish Church on Sunday. I took long walks with Lady Elizabeth and the other children.

I remember at the time I was not well pleased while taking a walk with the Duke. It was soon after the massacres in Bulgaria and he asked many questions about the state of things in Turkey. As soon as I had answered one question he would ask another, and in the meantime, while I was talking, he busied himself in looking at the deer on the lawn, hitting a bush with his cane, or stirring up the

salmon from some deep hole in the rivulet, and to all appearances, paying no attention to what I was saying. Soon after my return to London I found a newspaper from him containing a long article on Turkish affairs written by himself, remarking that he had for a guest at his home a gentleman long resident in Turkey, from whom he had learned the following. Then followed a long résumé of what he had learned from his "guest." He seemed to have remembered every fact and incident I had mentioned, and had built up an article most forcible and logical. Judge not from appearances.

From Inverness I went to Wemyss Castle and remained a few days at the house of John Burns,—not the politician but a prominent promoter of the Cunard Line of steamers. Lord Shaftesbury was there. In referring to various reforms in England, he remarked that when he was a boy, as a general thing the gentlemen never joined the ladies in the parlour after a dinner but tarried long at the wine till some became "incapable" and were put in their carriage or cab and sent home by the butler. "Now," he continued, "if any one shows signs of inebriety at dinner he would not have a second invitation to that house." Many even at that time were total abstainers, although wine was furnished for their guests. Now, in 1909, a wave of temperance agitation is sweeping over England. At any large dinner, public or private, you will find that many gentlemen turn their glasses upside down before the wine is passed and no remarks are made.

Formerly, I am told, the host would be mortally offended if any one slighted his potations. Once I was invited to dine with twenty-one Wesleyan ministers at the Lord Mayor's private house. I was gratified when an old gentleman on my right hand turned down the four or five glasses set before him, for I did not wish to be peculiar. The wine was passed freely. After a little while the old gentleman at my right hand turned to me, saying, "I will not drink their nasty stuff. I carry my own," and took from his side-pocket a flask of brandy from which he drank through the rest of the meal. He did not offer me any.

The last summer in England we spent at Hampstead Heath. There we became intimate with Mrs. Rundle Charles, authoress of "The Shoenberg-Cotta Family," whose home was a perpetual salon for literary, religious and philanthropic men and women. Our third son, William Tyler Bliss, was born in London, in November, 1865. The English nurse, whom Dr. Thane sent us, was past middle life and rather strict and set in her ways. Mrs. Bliss frequently longed for a drink of cold water, which was totally denied her by the nurse but which I often surreptitiously gave her. One day Mrs. Bliss was very thirsty and said to the nurse, after being refused a little water: "What is water made for if not to drink?" This roused the pious old soul and she burst out: "Ma'am, you should not cry out against Providence. All He made is good. Water is good to wash things in, good to bile things

in, good for fish to swim in, good for ships to sail in. You must not say that because water is not good for a lady with a baby a few days old that God made water in vain. I drinks my hale and 'alf-and-'alf and it's good enough for me."

Other experiences of Dr. Bliss during visits made to England for the collection of funds and recorded in his journals and letters, may conveniently find a place here.

He attended many sittings of the House of Commons. On one evening in 1876 he heard speeches from both Gladstone and Disraeli. The following sketch shows his sharp appreciation of Disraeli's character:

It is a blessed thing that Disraeli has been made an Earl, for he will do less harm in the House of Lords than in the House of Commons. In the last debate, Mr. Foster, after reading a copy of a dispatch from Sir Henry Elliot, exposed Disraeli's inconsistencies in doing so and so. Foster's words were telling hard against him. Disraeli rose and in the most bland manner and with an accomplished bow of the head said: "Allow me to remark that, owing to certain circumstances, that I can explain to the Right Honorable gentleman in private, I never saw the dispatch." I felt at the time that Disraeli was saying what was not true. Mr. Holmes, M. P., last night admitted it.

Besides Dr. Tait, the Archbishop of Canterbury, of whom he relates an anecdote in the next chapter, Dr.

Bliss came in touch with many English clergymen, Anglican and others. He met Dr. Liddell at lunch at the Westminster Deanery. For both Dean Stanley and his wife, Lady Augusta, he had a great admiration. He enjoyed the preaching of Dr. James Hamilton, Presbyterian, and the remarkable congregational singing at Dr. Allon's Congregational Church. Ritualistic services did not appeal to him. He was once persuaded by an Australian Bishop to attend Matins at Saint Albans. The tone of the elaborately ornate service grated on his sense of reality, and he found the preacher "flippant and conceited." Later he remarked to the company at luncheon: "I must atone for the sin the Bishop led me into this morning by going to hear Spurgeon this afternoon." That his customary urbanity could be occasionally varied by a touch of caustic wit is further illustrated by his characterization of a man whom he was often forced to meet in London: "W. is constitutionally a boor and has by persistent practice improved on his constitution."

In 1881, on the occasion of the Methodist Conference in London, he attended a reception given at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor in robes to some seven hundred guests. One of these asked Dr. Bliss in solemn tones: "What are *you* here for? *You* are not a Methodist!" To which he replied with equal solemnity: "Mr. Arthur, I was born a Baptist, brought up a Methodist, joined the Congregational Church, am labouring among Presbyterians, and on Friday I lunch with the Archbishop of Canterbury; who has a better right to be here?"

He came into contact with several important public characters and government officials, besides those spoken of in his Reminiscences. He found the manners of the aristocracy "the most American-like of any in the land."

In 1864 he called with a large deputation on Earl Russell with reference to the persecution of Christians in Constantinople. During the same visit he met Lord Dufferin, Sir Henry Layard, John Bright, Sir Edward Lechemere, and the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing, as well as the democratic agitators, Mazzini and Karl Blind. In May, 1874, he breakfasted with Lord Napier, who had been minister to Washington, during the administration of Buchanan, just before the Civil War. The British Government was then interested in a delicate diplomatic quandary in which the Sublime Porte found itself. A number of Moslems, who had turned Christians, refused to serve in the army and consequently had been imprisoned in Damascus. Their release, desired, if not demanded, by the British, might involve the sudden "conversion"—to the detriment of the army—of hundreds of Moslems, desirous of escaping military service, as according to the fundamental law of the Empire, no Christian could be a soldier.[1] On the other hand, should they be compelled to serve in the army as Christians, this fundamental principle would be violated. Lord Napier was so impressed by what he termed the "calm and lucid" statement of Mr. Bliss, that he desired him to repeat it to Lord Derby, the Prime Minister. Accordingly a private interview was arranged with Lord Derby for Mr. Bliss and Dr. Thomson, and took place a few days later. What way the diplomatists found out of the tangle Dr. Bliss does not state. "I feel embarrassed," he remarks, "in speaking to men of such world-wide fame, but I tell an unvarnished tale and let the rest go."

[1] After the Revolution of 1908, military service was demanded from all Ottoman subjects (certain exceptions being made), irrespective of religion.

Sufficient funds having been secured in England to begin and to carry on the College until United States currency should have returned to a gold basis, Dr. and Mrs. Bliss left the land where they had laid the foundations for so many lifelong friendships and travelled to Beirût, where they landed on March 2, 1866, having been away from Syria three years and five months.

VIII

THE COLLEGE PRESIDENT

WHEN in his eighty-ninth year, Dr. Bliss supplemented the Reminiscences of his youth and of his early life in Syria with the account of his work as College President. These later Reminiscences, written for his family, are now given with such omissions as may render them more interesting to a wider circle.

The College was opened on December 3, 1866, with a service of prayer. I read the third chapter of First Corinthians; Dr. W. W. Eddy offered prayer; Messrs. Jessup and D. S. Dodge made addresses. There were present sixteen students. We were housed for two years in four or five rooms of an insignificant building, and for three years more in a house of larger dimensions, with two smaller buildings attached, in which we commenced a clinic and a hospital of three or four beds. Then we moved again and we were for two years in a still larger building with no attachments, as our clinic and hospital were disbanded in view of an agreement with the Prussian Order of the Knights of Saint John, by which the American Faculty of the

College took charge of the medical work of their hospital, and our students were allowed to receive practical instruction in the wards.[1]

We remained in this third house until 1873, when we removed to our present campus. During these seven years we scarcely had a name to live up to, although we were very much alive. A college on wheels does not impress the East with the idea of stability. We were not anxious to appear great, but we were anxious to lay foundations upon which greatness could be built. Our plan for a four years' course in the Medical Department was made at a time when nearly all the Medical Schools in America had a three years' course only. While many of the American Medical Schools to-day (1912) are of the highest order, there are still some which are a disgrace to the profession. Only a few years since a student of ours failed in his examinations at the end of his second year and was required to repeat the studies of that year. He went to America and returned in a few months with the diploma of some affair in Philadelphia. For several years others left us for the same cause, but now seldom does any one leave us before graduation. Some of our best students have taken supplementary courses in the United States and elsewhere and are an honour to our College.

For the first year, although we had no Faculty,

[1] Editor's Note.—This arrangement proved to be most satisfactory, and was not terminated until January 1, 1918, when Germany and America had been at War over eight months.

Marquand House: The President's Residence.

we had a distinguished native scholar to teach Arabic. He was the author of several works on the Arabic language, and was also a poet of no small reputation. Our tutor of French was from a family of noted scholars. The house-tutor was a Mr. Shadoody, a born mathematician; he was also a poet and composed, or translated into Arabic, some of the sweetest hymns found in our Arabic hymn-book.

During this year Doctors Van Dyck and Wortabet were appointed Professors in the Medical Department. Dr. Wortabet spent a year in England and was ready to commence his duties in the College in October, 1867. Dr. Bliss was made Chairman ex-officio and Dr. Wortabet, Secretary. We had weekly meetings not because there was always much business on hand but that we wished to establish the regularity of College life. All questions before us were quickly disposed of: Dr. Van Dyck would make a motion, Dr. Wortabet would second it, and I called for a vote, which was always carried unanimously, thus relieving me of the disagreeable task of casting a vote because of a tie. Dr. Post joined us the next year and was later followed by Professors Porter and Lewis. For some years Arabic was the language of the institution in all departments.[1]

Soon after my arrival in Beirût the all-important question arose regarding the final location of the College on land and in buildings of its own. It was

[1] Compare page 215.

thought best for various reasons that neither the Faculty nor the Board of Managers should move in this matter. The Reverend D. Stuart Dodge, now President of the Board of Trustees, was then living in Beirût. He and the President of the College undertook to find a suitable location for our new home. For the space of a year or more, at the solicitations of property-owners, or on the recommendation of friends, many places were visited in different parts of Beirût.[1] We rode everywhere through the city, looking as we rode. Finally we saw the site where the College now stands and fell in love with it at sight, and immediately decided that we had found the finest site in all Beirût if not in all Syria.

Only a few days after we had seen the place, Mr. John J. Phelps gave $5,000 towards its purchase. We said nothing to any one, neither did we visit the place again until the negotiations were completed. We had learned that in this country at least if the owner of a horse or any kind of property asked you to buy from him you could arrange the price on fair terms; on the other hand, if you asked him to sell the horse or the property you would find great difficulty in arranging the matter.

We employed one of the shrewdest natives, a broker, to obtain the property. He commenced at

[1] Editor's Note.—In later years Dr. Bliss used to point with amusement to some of these sites which showed that those suggesting them had utterly failed to grasp the idea of a home for a great University.

once by requesting us by no means to mention to a living soul that we desired to purchase it, or that we even knew the site. Weeks passed and nothing was heard from him. Finally he requested me to put myself casually in the way of the owner, whom I knew only by sight, but in no case to speak to him or recognize him. During many months I must have passed by his shop scores of times or met him on the street, but never looked at him. I was out not to see but to be seen,—not to court but to be courted.

One day,—I remember it well,—we met on the crowded street. As usual, I looked right on; when I had passed on a few steps he said, "Sir." I turned, lifted my hat, and bowed. He continued, "Mr. Gharzuzi tells me that you wish to buy some land for your school." I replied, "Mr. Gharzuzi is a land agent and wishes a commission. Good-morning, sir." I continued my walk to the first corner and then hastened to tell Mr. Gharzuzi what had happened. He clapped his hands, and said, "Thank God, we have got him,"—and so it was. After a few weeks the land was purchased. This may seem a roundabout way of doing business. It was done not to take advantage of the owner, but to keep him from taking advantage of us. We paid for the property far more than its market value; it scarcely had a market value. It was a home for jackals and a dumping place for the offal of the city. In all our dealings we followed the command, "Be ye wise as serpents and harmless as doves,"—

harmless in not cheating others, wise in keeping others from cheating us.

Since this first purchase, which was by far the largest and cheapest, we have obtained many other lots varying in size from a quarter of an acre up to four acres. Each purchase has its history, some very annoying and one most laughable. There was a small plot not more than one-quarter of an acre, just south of the Observatory. It was essential to us in the future. We waited as usual to have the owner speak to us and propose to sell it. He did not speak, but chose a wiser, if not so harmless, a way. One morning, sitting at my study window, I heard talking outside. Looking out I saw several men, among them a venerable and distinguished gentleman clothed richly though not gorgeously. They were walking sometimes on this plot of ground and sometimes on our property. I went out, saluted the old gentleman as became his station, and asked what was the occasion of his honouring me with this early visit. He replied, "I have a piece of land here and have brought a few neighbours to verify its boundaries." The neighbours were four Moslems who had before I went out enlarged the boundaries almost to the door of the Observatory on the north, and almost to my study window on the east. I pointed out the line that marked the limits of his land. "I see," said he, "but these neighbours tell me that you built this wall without notifying me, which is contrary to custom and law." Then a friendly neigh-

bour informed me that, when I was in America, Dr. Van Dyck had added a few stones to make the boundaries more apparent. I begged pardon for having contradicted him, and at the same time said, "You see, sir, that these few loose stones have been added, but the half-embedded stones mark the true boundary." He replied, "I know absolutely nothing about the matter at all, but these neighbours of yours are ready to testify that the boundaries are as they have indicated." For a few moments I was perplexed, for if four Moslems are ready to testify in court no statement from others can alter their testimony. I saw no possible way out of the difficulty but one, and that was for us utterly impossible. If five Moslems could be "induced" to testify before the Judge that the boundaries lay along the half-embedded stones, indicating at the same time that the four other men were unduly influenced, the case would have been settled legally and correctly, but in a way utterly corrupt, as we could not find five Moslems who knew the true boundaries.

Quite a crowd had gathered by this time and there was much loud talking, when relief came from an unexpected quarter. A quack doctor in the circle assumed an attitude, and addressed the crowd with outstretched arms. His gestures and facial expressions were abundant enough to last a Frenchman a whole day, and more graceful than an Englishman could imitate after a year's practice. He then stepped forward, took the owner by the

hand and said, "Sir, it is not becoming for you, a great and honourable man, a leader of society,—it is not becoming that you should be talking about boundaries and prices." (Prices had not been mentioned.) Turning to me with a bow, he continued, "And you, sir, what is this! what are you, a learned man, a philosopher, the President of a College—what are you doing? It is not becoming that you should descend from your high station to talk about prices and boundaries." Looking first at me and then at the owner he said, "You two have nothing to do or to say in this matter." Then he said to the owner, "You appoint a referee, and I will be your choice," then to me, "You appoint a referee and your Steward is your choice." Then turning to the crowd, "All of you, do you approve of my plan?" (they shouted "Aafak": bravo),—"and we two will fix the price of the land." Then taking the owner by the hand and bringing him to me he said, "Shake hands as a sign that you approve of our plan and that you will accept our decision." We shook hands, I knowing that our Steward would not allow the price to be exorbitant, and he that his man (the doctor) would also demand a fair price. And in a few days the little three-cornered piece of land was deeded to the Syrian Protestant College, and the price paid was little more than we were willing to give.

But the most difficult land purchase was that of the locally historical "Fig Orchard." This small lot, containing less than one-third of an acre, is

directly west of the President's house. For fifteen years or more efforts had been made to secure this property. Neither the former nor the latter owner would ever mention a price and bind himself to accept it. Whenever we increased our offer, he increased his demands. The first owner laid foundations for a large house but finally built only one small, high room. The second owner, a Turkish Bey, Yusuf by name, paid three times its market value, in hopes that we would pay almost any price for it. Our apparent indifference for one or two years made him uneasy. So he dug trenches for the foundations of a soap-factory, which would come within forty or fifty feet of the President's house. Again he proposed to open a wine-shop and drinking saloon, and even a worse place. He was told that the very excellent laws of his Majesty the Sultan forbid any of these nuisances to be within a quarter of a mile of any church or school. Then, being a good Moslem, he proposed to build a Mosque. He was told that, as we had Moslem students in the College, a Mosque so near would be very convenient for them. He made every effort to frighten us—bought more than $100 worth of stone, slacked lime, carted sand, put down water-pipes, without connecting them with the main, etc., etc. Still he refused to commit himself by a legal statement, binding him to a definite price. The vineyard before the Palace in Jezreel never annoyed King Ahab more than the field at the side of the Marquand House annoyed us. Fortunately for

humanity the methods of Ahab are passed;—unfortunately for those wishing to possess the earth the spirit of Naboth still prevails. Two methods of procedure remained for us—either to satisfy the owner by giving a very large sum, or to put a high wall around his land, and to wait another ten or fifteen years. The latter method would cost us more than $500 and would endanger, if not defeat, the plan of a change of roads which would incidentally result in the adding of $600 worth of land to the property and of making all parts of the campus contiguous. We made an effort which opened up the way to success. We asked Yusuf Bey if he would be willing to refer the matter to three Moslem neighbours—land-owners of high standing—and abide by their decision as to the price. He assented. They brought in their award and took with them Shaukat Pasha to announce the result. Yusuf declined to accept but stated to the Pasha that he would take four hundred pounds, including about fifty pounds' worth of stone. This offer we accepted. It came to a little over one dollar per square yard. This seems excessive in view of the fact that the greater part of our property was bought at the rate of seven cents per square yard. It was with profound gratitude that we were able to say, "The Fig Orchard is bought."

In all these years of perplexity in the buying of land there is one transaction worthy of mention as generous and noble. Midhat Pasha, when Governor of the Beirût Pashalic, purchased a piece of land

adjoining ours. After he had been exiled and otherwise disposed of by the Sultan, the land was inherited by his son. I visited young Midhat, then living in Smyrna, and asked the price of the land. He mentioned a sum, and, though it seemed high, the bargain was completed. On my going to him the next day with the cash he said: "Since you were here I have looked over my deeds and I find there is not so much land as I had thought. I shall reduce the price agreed upon by fifty pounds sterling." Two of our finest buildings are now placed on that land.

In 1871, the Trustees suggested that I spend the summer in Constantinople and consult President Hamlin of Robert College and Dr. Isaac Bliss of the Bible House about building. I obtained some valuable information about how to build and how not to build. There was another object in my visit to the Capital, and that was to endeavour to induce the Ottoman Government to authorize our College to give diplomas to our medical students on completion of their course. The effort proved a failure. Saleh Pasha, the President of the Ottoman School of Medicine, said he would favour us in every way possible but that "the law of the Empire is such that there can be but one Medical Faculty empowered to give diplomas." We failed in our efforts because the Imperial Ottoman Government was in the right and we in the wrong. Years afterwards, Dr. Post obtained the consent of the Porte to send a commission to examine our students in

Beirût, and commissioners have been every year since to our great satisfaction.[1]

The corner-stone of the Main Building (College Hall) was laid by the Honourable William Earl Dodge, Senior, on December 7, 1871. In introducing the speaker I said: "This College is for all conditions and classes of men without regard to colour, nationality, race or religion. A man white, black or yellow; Christian, Jew, Mohammedan or heathen, may enter and enjoy all the advantages of this institution for three, four or eight years; and go out believing in one God, in many Gods, or in no God. But," I added, "it will be impossible for any one to continue with us long without knowing what we believe to be the truth and our reasons for that belief."

The buildings were erected of the best kind of sand-stone. The quarry from which the stone came is now exhausted. It was almost two years before the three buildings were finished: the Main Building, the Medical Hall and Ada Dodge Memorial (greatly enlarged since). Labour was cheap at that time compared with the present: to our head-mason we paid eighty cents a day; less skillful masons, seventy cents; stone-cutters, from forty to fifty cents; unskilled labour, from fifteen to twenty-five cents. At one time we had over two hundred at work. The buildings were well constructed and

[1] Editor's Note.—For the period of the War, before the Turkish evacuation, the students were examined by the Ottoman Medical Faculty at Beirût.

now after almost forty years (1912) are in perfect repair. The plans, made in New York, were complete in details, so that we, though unacquainted with building, were able to follow them. Commencing with the simple ground-plan we learned to work out the more intricate parts. Years after, an English architect, on seeing the structures, asked the name of the architect. I mentioned the name of the one who drew the plans. "But," he said, "who worked out the plans?" On my telling him that *we* did, and that we had made many mistakes but had managed to cover them up, he replied: "That is perfection in art."

At last we had become a real College community with a home of our own.[1] The students felt the change. No one appeared to wish to go down town or anywhere else. One night in December, when the full moon was shining on the glassy sea below us, they had a high time on the broad level road between the College and the Medical Building. Their shouts sounded out as merrily as the shouts in Amherst in my days. Tutor Ibrahim shouldered the shovel and the hoe and led off forty or fifty fellows after supper to dig holes for planting trees. On March 13, 1874, we accomplished the risky task of hoisting the bell to the College tower. The

[1] Editor's Note.—Mrs. Bliss was absent in America when the new buildings were first occupied; the President lived in the College and thus was able to help in the moulding of the traditions of student life. It may be added that for thirty years he was sole local treasurer, keeping the daily household accounts with the Steward.

students pulled well at the rope and the Faculty were summoned to join them to hear the bell rung for the first time at five P. M.

I had little experience in governing students in America, never having taught there except a district school for three months and a select school for twelve weeks. I had no trouble in governing those schools, and yet I am inclined to think that students in the East are more easily kept in order than are those of the same class of students in the West. If this is true, it may be partly owing to the fact that Eastern people generally have a greater fear of those in authority than Western people, for they have learned by the experience of centuries that sometimes their rulers are terribly cruel. Moreover, the East has greater reverence than the West for parents, teachers, the aged, and religious leaders, and hence, when they come in contact with teachers in schools, they are more easily governed.

We were more ready to commend the good qualities of our students than to denounce their faults. We utterly repudiated the system of encouraging one student to spy on another,—a system quite common in most of the schools at that time. I trusted the boys. Sometimes I treated one as if he was telling me the truth when I knew he was lying to me. I cannot explain the philosophy of it, but trusting a boy makes him trustworthy. In those early days some students said to my wife: "We cannot lie to Dr. Bliss be-

cause he trusts us;" possibly that may have been so.

Sometimes in case of trouble between two students I would ask two or more Seniors to see the boys and settle up the difficulty, as I did not wish to bother the Faculty with it, and because any action they might take would have to be recorded in the minutes, and it would be unpleasant reading in years to come. This method worked out well in most instances. Again, a boy would complain of another, and commence to tell what the other had done and said. Then I would stop him and ask him to tell me what *he* had done and said; then I sent for the other boy and asked him to tell me what he had said and done. This usually settled the matter.

Or two would come in and charge each other with wrong-doing, and each would claim that he himself was perfectly innocent. Then I would say: "Boys, I believe that both of you think you are telling the truth, and the best way to settle the case is this: that the innocent forgive the guilty." The next day they might be seen walking hand in hand.

At this point Dr. Bliss gives two examples of what he calls "the undignified and almost frivolous" way of dealing with cases of minor discipline. The term "human" seems to be far more apt! I repeat one of the anecdotes as I heard it from my father's lips at the time, and the other as I heard it from the student concerned. To this I add other reminiscences of a similar nature contributed by other pupils.

It was once reported to the President by a Professor that during the prayer at Evening Chapel a medical student had the habit of turning to the small boys on the seats behind and, by making faces, of setting them to giggling. In duty bound, though somewhat unwillingly, the President verified the story by keeping his eyes open during the prayer. As soon as the "Amen" was said, he rose and asked the young man to remain (not an unusual thing when he wished to see a student). The President resumed his seat. The Faculty retired as usual, followed by the Seniors and other classes in their order. Then, without looking at the student, the President took his hat and went out, leaving the young man alone. (Prayers were then held in what is now the library on the second floor of College Hall.) He descended the stairway, passed along the corridor lined with curious, silent students, and went out into the open air. A moment later echoes of clapping and derisive laughter reached his ears. For the student, who had been thus abandoned, had, on coming out, to run the gauntlet of the boys, waiting for his emergence! "If the President had taken me into a room alone and beaten me," said this crestfallen humorist later, "I should not have minded, but to set the students laughing at me ——!" This was before the Mikado was composed and the young man had not heard of "making the punishment fit the crime." "When did you decide on the plan?" one of us asked the President. "I never planned it," he replied; "I intended to speak to the boy, but when the time came there seemed nothing to say, so I left."

There was a regulation against smoking in the rooms. "One night in November," a graduate relates, "I was studying very late in my fourth-story room, and, supposing the authorities were all in bed, I was smoking a

cigarette, which, when half finished, I chucked out of the window. In a few minutes came a knock at the door. "Come in!" I called. The door slowly opened. Instead of some fellow-student, there stood the President! And the room full of smoke! "Good-evening," he said, with his usual air of dignified politeness. "Have you studied Astronomy?" "Ye-e-e-es, sir," I stammered. "Then perhaps you can tell me whether this is one of the nights when we may expect meteors falling through the air?" "I—I—I don't remember," I said. "Ah," he said, "I thought perhaps you could. Good-night." That was all, but there was no more smoking in that room at least.

In later years when no one was supposed to smoke anywhere on the campus, a student was enjoying a cigarette behind the Chapel. Presently he heard the firm step of the President advancing. He hastily thrust his right hand, burning cigarette and all, into his side coat-pocket. Instead of passing by with a salute, as usual, the President extended his hand. The student was obliged to extend his. "How is your father in Damascus?" said Dr. Bliss. "And your mother and [still shaking the hand] your dear old grandmother? Give them my salaams when you write." At this juncture the cigarette dropped from the burnt pocket to the ground. The President saluted and passed on with no further word. Such stories were too good to be kept even by the victims, and hence the regulation usually took care of itself.

A graduate, now resident in Egypt, tells of a visit he once made to the Cedars of Lebanon, years after leaving College. There to his joy he found his old President who told him of the many improvements, among which was the enclosing of the campus with a wall. "Should you

want to come back from town after ten at night *now,*" said Dr. Bliss, "you would have to jump over the wall." The graduate was aghast. He had had the habit of staying overtime in the company of literary and artistic friends in the city, but supposed that this breach of rules had never been known to the authorities. So now he started and blushed. The President smiled affectionately and said, "Did you suppose I did not know that you came in late? *But I knew where you had been.*"

Only one more anecdote and we return to the Reminiscences.

A student begged for three days' leave to go and bury his mother. On his return Dr. Bliss spoke words of kindly comfort. Some years later he presented himself with the very same request. The President gave him the card, remarking as the boy left the room, "I supposed you had only one mother." The boy did not go!

Let it not be thought that this undignified and almost frivolous way of disciplining students unfitted me for resorting to quick and drastic methods in cases of gravity. There is no inconsistency between the two methods of treatment. We were patient in cases of small irregularities but when a student endangered the morality of others, then we isolated him as in the case of smallpox or plague.

It will be safe to say that from the commencement of the College greater effort was made to educate the students rather than simply to instruct them. I use the word in the etymological sense. Generally speaking, knowledge in the East has been handed down the ages through tradition instead of

books, and hence the people have remarkable memories. Encyclopædias and Concordances are very useful but they injure the memory. To fill the mind with facts and dates makes a learned man, but not necessarily an educated one. I remember a medical student who would make a perfect recitation from the text-book, but his ignorance on the subject was profound. I had a classmate who would demonstrate a proposition in Euclid perfectly in the words of the text-book, but was utterly confounded if the letters describing the figure were placed in a different order.

Facts are the seeds of thought and like seeds in the vegetable world are of little value garnered up; but under the power of reason, will and conscience are made into ideals and laws that govern matter and mind. So at the commencement of the College, we endeavoured to stimulate not the memory, which was usually well developed, but the reason and the other governing powers of the mind. In other words, we wished to make men who would see in all events the beauty and the glory of living.

Perhaps from some defect in myself I was unable to teach abstract truth unless that truth was clothed in some concrete form. A people, accustomed for centuries to hear truth taught through similitudes and parables, do not take readily to bare Western logic. I remember in my Moral Philosophy class the text-book mentioned the "duty of unconscious influence," but with all the explana-

tions given in the book, and my comments on the same, the class did not lay hold of the meaning until I had recounted several instances where others had influenced me, though being wholly unconscious of doing so. At another time the question was discussed: "What are the characteristics of a true gentleman?" After the usual qualifications were mentioned it was said that a true gentleman, if he has knowingly or unknowingly wronged any one, would acknowledge his mistake and ask to be pardoned. The whole discussion did not seem to make much impression until I told the following story: When I was in London the Archbishop of Canterbury (Tait) wanted to inquire of me about some matter in the East in which he was interested, and therefore wrote me a note inviting me to breakfast on a certain day. The train was late and on my arrival at the palace the large party had nearly finished the first course. The butler quietly seated me at the Archbishop's right hand, and after greeting me, his Grace turned to finish his conversation with the person at his left hand, and did not notice the butler handing me the first course; but turned around just in time to see him set before me the second dish. Then he said to his butler, "Bring the Doctor the fish." The butler replied: "Your Grace, I have served it." Upon which the Archbishop rose partly from his seat and said in his sweet voice: "I beg your pardon."

This story impressed the class when they understood that the Primate of England stands in the

social world next to the King, and outranks all others in the Royal Family, and yet he begged the pardon of a servant because he had implied that he had not done his duty. My title in the catalogue is President, and Professor of Bible and Ethics. It would be more truthful though less classic to say Professor of Story Telling.

In the Bible classes no attempt was made to combat error or false views, but we followed the method by which darkness is expelled from the room by turning on the light. I also tried to look at the subject under discussion from the standpoint of the listeners. For instance, the question was asked: "Is it wrong to ask the Saints and the blessed Virgin to pray for us, to intercede for us?" Had the question been answered: "Yes, it is wrong," two-thirds of the class, who were in the habit of calling on the Virgin and Saints, would have turned a deaf ear to all that might have been said afterwards. Had the question been answered: "No, it is not wrong," the Protestant boys would have reported to their parents and to the missionaries that the President of the College had turned Roman Catholic or Maronite.

So I turned to the one asking the question and said: "I thank you for asking that question. It is an important one and a most natural question." (The Protestant boys sat in their seats with upright heads, expecting the others would be placed on the left hand with the goats.) "A most natural question for you to ask, living in this country, for every-

thing is done here through mediators or intercessors. If you wish a favour of me you do not come to me directly, but you go to some Tutor and ask him to ask me. You have been to my wife and besought her to induce me to give a holiday. I have bought several horses, rented several houses, bought various pieces of land, but always through a broker, that is, an intercessor. Not only in business matters but in political and social affairs also the intercessor must be appealed to. You cannot call on the Pasha of Beirût directly; you must first pass the guard, the doorkeeper, see his Secretary, and he will go and ask the Pasha to receive you. Not only in this country but in England and all over the world you must appeal to intercessors. I cannot call upon the King of England, directly, but must appeal to the Ambassador of the United States, who will intercede with I know not how many English officials, and then perhaps I might possibly see the King. Your question is a most natural one. You say: If I cannot visit the President of the College, the Pasha, the King, without intercession, how can I go direct to God,"—(the heads of the Protestant boys hung low); then I added:

"There is an infinite difference between the President of the College, the Pasha of Beirût and the King of England on the one hand, and the Lord Jesus Christ on the other. These never have invited you to call; He says: Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden. We know little,

He is all wise; we have little compassion, He is full of grace and truth and loves you more than all the Saints in Glory can possibly love you. So, whether it is right or whether it is wrong to ask the Saints to intercede for you, it is wholly unnecessary, it is useless, it is a loss of time,—'Before they call I will answer, saith the Almighty.'"

Upon another occasion it was asked if it is right to confess one's sins to another. It was answered, "It is not only right, but a solemn duty to confess your faults to any one whom you have wronged, but your question, in view of the practice of many, implies: is it right to confess to a priest our sins in general and in particular? There is no objection to your doing so, if you seek his advice in the hope that he may make some suggestion which will be helpful to you, just as you tell the physician your symptoms and habits that he may know what to prescribe for you. Your question implies still another question, namely, has the priest power to absolve you from your sins? He has not power to absolve your sin, but he has authority to say that you are absolved under certain conditions. One time in New York, in an almost deserted street, a tall, fine-looking man accosted me and said: 'Father, may I speak with you?' 'Certainly,' I said. He continued: 'I have sinned. I signed the pledge and took an oath before the Bishop and before God that I would never drink again. I have broken the pledge; I got drunk. Is there any forgiveness for me?' I placed my hand

on his shoulder and said: 'My friend, if your confession is from the heart, and your sorrow real, and your determination firm not to repeat it, you are absolved and your sin is forgiven.' He said: 'Thank you, Father,' and went on his way rejoicing, and so did I, for I had applied the Gospel in its essential fullness to the poor man.

"So any priest, any man who believes in the Gospels of Jesus may say to any man, 'If you are truly penitent your sins are forgiven you.' But no priest, no man, can pronounce absolution without that great If. Jesus Christ, who knows what is in man, and, seeing the contrite spirit, can say without the If: 'Thy sins are forgiven thee.' As in the physical world gravitation is found where there is matter, so in the spiritual world God's forgiving grace is found wherever and whenever a contrite spirit is found." I closed the talk by saying: "Some people have no clear idea in matters of religion what is cause and what is effect. Some seem to think that God loves mankind because Christ came and died for them. Just the opposite is true, for God so loved the world that He gave His only Son to us. Some think that God loves us because we love Him. The opposite is true: we love God because He first loved us. Some seem to think that the Atonement made a change in God's attitude towards us: God changeth not, and the Atonement was made not to change Him but to change us. Some seem to think that God was angry and Christ came to reconcile Him; Paul says the opposite is

true: God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself."

A graduate of the College, now prominent in the new Arab Government in Damascus, tells a story, in harmony with the above account, of the President's methods in religious instruction. The student used to "heckle" Dr. Bliss with questions about the command to slaughter the Amorites, etc. Finally the President remarked in his most urbane manner: "Faris reminds me of a man who goes into a beautiful garden full of fair flowers and fruits, but with a few dank, slimy pools, on which noxious insects crawl. And instead of plucking the flowers and fruits he spends his time in poring over the black pools."

Well, in bringing these rambling Reminiscences to a close, if any one should ask me, "Who made the College?" the answer might be the same as Topsy, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," made when asked, "Who made you, Topsy?" She said, "Nobody, I jist growed." No one can tell all the influences that enter into the accomplishment of any great enterprise. The Prophet Daniel, more than 2,000 years ago, wrote: "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased." Whether he referred to our age or not, we know it is preëminently true of the last two centuries. Explorers, travellers and merchants for the last hundred years or more visited the East, and awakened curiosity, and begat a desire among the people for knowledge. The little schools by the Mosque, the Synagogue and

the Convent, stimulated that desire. A few young men went to Europe and came back with at least a show of knowledge. The American Board, founded a hundred years ago in old Salem, Massachusetts, soon sent its missionaries to Syria. Then there followed in order Jonas King, William Goodell, Isaac Bird, Whiting, Thomson, Van Dyck, De Forest, Calhoun, Eddy, Ford, the Jessups, William Bird, Gerald F. Dale and many others, calling men from darkness into light. The higher schools, whether Jesuit or Protestant, increased the desire for knowledge more and more. The events of 1860 [chronicled in the last chapter] were a kind of mental earthquake that shook the people out of a self-satisfied lethargy and made them long to know more of the world outside of Syria. This desire for knowledge was more or less indefinite, floating in the air until 1862, when the Syrian Mission gave it a bodily shape by appointing one of its members to establish a school of higher education, in order to meet the growing demand. Good men in America and England responded to the call for aid, a goodly sum of money for that time was raised, and the Syrian Protestant College was commenced in a small way in 1866.

The question of who made the College is not so important as the question: What has caused its continuance and its remarkable growth? First of all, trust in God and faith in man as such, without regard to race, colour or religion, lie at the foundation of the Syrian Protestant College. We open its

doors to the members of the most advanced and the most backward of races. As for me, I would admit the Pigmies of Central Africa in the hope that after the lapse of a few thousand years some of them might become leaders in Church and State. Why not? For hath not God made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth?

In the second place, the College has grown because it has had from the beginning, and now has, a Board of most wise and liberal Trustees, under the successive leadership of those strong Presidents, William A. Booth, William Earl Dodge, Senior, his son of the same name, Morris K. Jesup, and D. Stuart Dodge. Thirdly, the College has always had, and has now, a remarkable set of Professors and Instructors, both foreign and native. With scarcely an exception they are very radical and very conservative: radical in proving all things, conservative in holding fast to that which is good. And finally, the greatest cause of the success of the College is based on the character, standing and influence of our graduates and others who were with us for a longer or shorter time. Without claiming for them superiority to or even equality with the graduates from the Universities of the West, we know that they are far more honoured and respected by the people of their own countries than Western graduates are by their own people.

Hence the life and work of our graduates is the best advertisement for our College. The following

illustrates the general feeling towards them: Rustem Pasha, late Turkish Ambassador to the Court of Saint James and former Governor-General of the Province of Mount Lebanon, once remarked to me: "I do not know how much mathematics or how much history, philosophy or science you teach at the Syrian Protestant College, but I do know this, that you make MEN, and that is the important thing. And I wish I had one of your graduates to put in every office in my province. I would then have a far better Government than I have now."

I am convinced that at this time, April, 1912, the College is in a better condition than ever before. For the past few years it has advanced along all the lines of influence. This is as it should be; for if a succeeding generation does not advance upon its predecessors the world will stand still, even if it does not retrograde. May the College ever have as its motto the words of Paul: "This one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind and reaching forth to those things which are before."

Dr. Bliss had always declared that he would resign at the age of seventy, as after that time he would never know when to stop! His seventieth year found him so full of vigour that no talk of resignation was permitted. Indeed the idea appeared to his colleagues to be almost amusing. He remained at his post as active President well into his eightieth year. In 1902, his second son, Howard Sweetser Bliss, pastor of the Union Congregational Church at Upper Montclair, New Jersey, was appointed to succeed him. Dr. Howard Bliss had previ-

ously acted as associate-pastor with Dr. Lyman Abbott in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. On November eleventh he landed with his family in Beirût, and at the Faculty Meeting of that afternoon the father resigned the President's Chair to the son. At the Inauguration Exercises in May, 1903, which extended from Sunday the tenth to Thursday the fourteenth, Dr. Daniel Bliss preached his farewell sermon as active President from the text: "Prove all things: hold fast that which is good." In the sermon he reviewed the history of the College and presented the ideas of education which had controlled his Presidency. For four years the President-Emeritus continued his classes in Biblical Exegesis and Ethics, as well as his service on committees.

During his thirty-six years in the active Presidency, Dr. Daniel Bliss had seen the evolution of the College from a group of sixteen students, housed in a few rooms, to a body of six hundred and twenty-six men and boys, divided among five departments: Preparatory, Collegiate, Commercial, Medical and Pharmaceutical; and taught by forty professors and tutors. Over half of these were Americans, the medium of instruction having been entirely changed from Arabic to English when the institution was about seventeen years old.[1] The campus

[1] Editor's Note.—During the early days of the College, Arabic was the language of instruction in all Departments. The change to English was due to many reasons, of which the chief were the following: the impossibility of keeping up with the advance of learning by translation of text-books into Arabic; the growing number of students whose mother-tongue was not Arabic; the difficulty of getting Professors, capable of teaching in Arabic. The class of 1880 in the School of Arts and Sciences, and the class of 1887 in the School of Medicine were the first to be entirely instructed through the medium of English.

of forty acres spread, then as now, over the level top of a hill, and sloped down towards the sea, almost touching it at one point. It was dotted over with trees, single and in groves: pines, palms, eucalyptus,—olive-trees, fig-trees, pepper-trees. The twelve buildings included the old College Hall with library, lecture-rooms and dormitories; Assembly Hall, Observatory, Medical Hall, Laboratories, etc. The students came from all parts of Syria and Palestine, from the Valleys of the Nile and the Euphrates, from Cyprus and the Isles of Greece, from Asia Minor and Armenia, from Persia and from Brazil. They represented the various Christian sects: Papal, Greek-Orthodox, Armenian, Copt and Protestant, with a few Druses, some Jews and over fifty Mohammedans. As President-Emeritus, Dr. Bliss lived to see a considerable extension of the campus; the doubling of the number of buildings, including three Hospital Pavilions; the addition of a School of Dentistry; the development of a Training School for Nurses; an increase in the student body to almost one thousand, and of the teaching and administrative force to about eighty; a change in the proportion between the members of Christian and non-Christian sects, the latter indeed outnumbering the former soon after his death. The territory from which students were drawn had enlarged; men began to be attracted to the Syrian Protestant College from Russian Tartary, India, New Foundland, etc. Those from the New World were the sons of Syrian parents who wished their children to remember their mother-tongue.

Naturally the number of teachers and students was affected by the War, though far less than might have been expected. In spite of immense official opposition, military service, financial stress and other complications too numerous to particularize, the College was kept go-

ing during that whole tense period, save for two weeks, when active work was stopped by the local Governor, at the breaking off of diplomatic relations between the United States and Turkey. Owing, doubtless, to the overruling of higher officials, he sanctioned its reopening. This temporary suspension was remembered only as a nightmare, though as a nightmare that might be recurrent. Fortunately the dread remained only a dread.

Brief reference should here be made to two points connected with the College: its relation to the Turkish Government and its religious organization. During the early years of its evolution it was the policy of the Institution to pursue its course as quietly as possible; not to draw to itself the attention of the Government officials, before its roots should have struck deep into the land. In later years, when general attention had been fixed upon it, this policy, so wise for its time, was, with a like wisdom, reversed. The fruits of this change were most happily seen during the War, when the very existence of the College depended upon the friendly attitude of the powers that were.

In what manner he presented religious truth to the students has been told us by Dr. Bliss himself. He cared little for machinery as such; but the College had of course its stated religious exercises. All students were required to attend daily prayers; and resident students, the Sunday morning service.[1] The Y. M. C. A. was formally organized on the basis of admitting to full membership non-Protestant as well as Protestant Christians, during the visit of Mr. John R. Mott in 1895. Men from

[1] In consequences of conditions which grew out of changes in the Turkish Empire during the War, all students are now required to attend the religious exercises or alternative ethical lectures, held at the same hours.

non-Christian sects were admitted as associate members on taking an especial pledge. The organization is now called the Brotherhood, and there is one pledge for members of all sects, which reads as follows:

"I do promise that by the help of God I will live in close fellowship with Him, under the guidance of those teachers who have interpreted Him to mankind. I will try to be honest in my work, sincere in my profession, pure and helpful in my daily life, living in the Spirit of Jesus and following His example."

West Hall is the centre of social and religious activities, which have been elaborately organized. In the work of committees the students take an active share. The effect of the non-sectarian attitude of the College may be illustrated by the answer of a student, who had been some years in College, and was re-registering one Autumn, to the question: "What is your religion?" He answered: "The religion of the S. P. C." He was a Moslem.

The resignation of Dr. Daniel Bliss stirred the many friends of the College to recognize the event publicly. In June, 1902, in the well-packed Assembly Hall, a committee representing the students, the graduates resident in Syria, and a few other friends, presented him with a large gold medal, inscribed in Arabic and English, together with a further gift. The service of Mrs. Bliss, so wisely and lovingly rendered to the students in countless ways, was remembered in the donation of a set of silver filigree—Arab coffee-cup-holders on a salver. In his address of thanks, Dr. Bliss deprecated in deft allusion the praise that had centered on himself, to the exclusion of the other founders of the College, its patrons, its Trustees, its Faculty and its Instructors. He began by

referring to a dinner given, not long before, to the captain of an ocean liner who had broken the Atlantic record. In the speeches, he said, there was no praise but for the captain. There was no mention of the workers in iron, who, from the days of Tubal Cain, had made possible the construction of the ship; there was no mention of the owners who had financed her building; no mention of the officers who had walked the deck in sunshine and in storm; no mention of the engineers in the sweltering hold of the vessel, who had kept her going at full speed; no mention of the sailors whose faithful and disciplined efficiency had brought her swiftly and safely into port; all the praise was for the captain! "Well, and what had the captain done? He had merely stood on the bridge from time to time and given a few orders."

We may here insert an anecdote which shows that, with all his modesty, Dr. Bliss knew how to assert himself as captain when duty demanded. This ordinary self-effacement, by the way, some people thought was carried too far. He cared nothing about the credit of a plan, provided that the plan went through. Indeed it was one of his quiet amusements to drop a hint to a certain member of the Faculty, apt to be in the opposition, that some improvement, long cherished by himself, might not, perhaps, be a bad thing. The member would enthusiastically adopt the proposition, bring it up at the next Faculty meeting, advocating it with all the ardour of an originator! And now for the anecdote. At a Faculty meeting, held in the early days of the College, two motions were made involving radical changes of College policy, which the President felt to be premature and hence unwise. After the first motion, he took up a little red book and said: "On page so-and-so

of this Constitution you will find that the matter proposed is not within our province, but belongs to the Trustees." A similar reply was made to the maker of the second motion. Whereupon a third and younger member said: "How is it that all these years we have been voting as we pleased and have never before been confronted with this little red book?" The President gravely replied: "When the sky is clear and the sea is calm, the mariner steers by the sun and the stars, but when the clouds are dark and the waves high he turns to his chart." "And who is to decide as to the state of the weather?" asked the young professor. Instantly the answer rang out: "The captain!"

In the presentation of the medal the graduates and other former students, resident in Egypt and the Sudân, had not joined, as they preferred to recognize the work of Dr. Bliss by donating to their Alma Mater a full-sized marble statue of its first President. The story of the visit to Italy, made by Dr. and Mrs. Bliss, in order that the sculptor might work from the living model, is told in the next chapter. The statue was unveiled in the spring of 1904 by a representative of the givers. We may appropriately close this chapter with the speech of acceptance (slightly abridged) made by Dr. Bliss, in which he reveals the secrets of his life-work.

A few months since, this statue was a part of a mountain in Northern Italy. Strong men, by means of drills, wedges, sledge-hammers and levers, broke out from the mountain a large block of marble. This block by some mechanical device was placed upon a wagon with high wheels; and then

Statue presented to the College by Graduates and Former Students in Egypt and the Sûdan.

was drawn by four large white oxen with branching horns, down to the workshop on the plain, where the marble block was unloaded before the artist's door. In the meantime, or before, the artist had received measurements of the person represented by the statue—his height, length of limb, breadth of shoulder, width of forehead, size of nose, mouth and chin, and a photograph of the person. Having erected a wooden frame, the artist then from these measurements and the photograph covered the frame with plastic clay until it assumed a certain size, form and look.

Then the living person stood, or sat, two hours a day for three days, while the artist completed the model in clay. The block of marble before the door was brought into the workshop, and the clay model placed near it.

The workmen commenced with hammer, chisel, gouge, bit, auger, rasp, file and calipers to break off and cut away all of that block of marble except this statue which stands before you: it alone remains.

The success of the artist is measured by the resemblance of the statue to the living model.

Back of all the labour and the tools connected with the making of the statue were the loving thought, the thorough purpose and the liberal gifts of the Alumni of Egypt and the Sudân, which set in motion all these instruments and agencies. Behind all things there is a mind and a purpose, human or divine, whether it be the formation of a

statue, the creation of a world, the lifting of a hand, or the revolving of the celestial bodies in the starry heavens.

The labour of making a College may, in general or in a remote way, be compared to the work of an artist. The word "College" is an abstract word, suggesting much and varied labour, many and varied implements and forces. The buildings, the apparatus, the books, the teachers, the campus and even the location, enter into the conception of a College and conspire to build it up. Looking down upon the placid sea in calm weather and upon the boisterous wave in the storm, and looking up at the grand gray old Lebanon, has an effect upon the purpose for which our College was founded. As in the case of the statue, back of all buildings, books, and teachers, there was the loving thought, the firm purpose, the liberal gifts of men far beyond the sea and ocean, which set in motion all these agencies. . . .

No block of marble was brought to us to be worked upon, but living boys and living men came to us from the East, from the West, from the North and from the South, to be influenced for good. They were all human and consequently imperfect; they were all human and consequently capable of perfection.

God created man in His own image, therefore man partakes of the Divine Nature. "But the creature (man) was made subject to vanity, not willingly, but by reason of Him who has subjected

the same in hope"; and in view of this subjected hope the College was founded. God made man upright but they have sought out many inventions.

As the workmen broke off from the block of marble all that surrounded this statue, so the College tries to break off from these young men, vanity and inventions and to leave standing the ideal man, made in the image of God.

The artist worked from a pattern; he had at first a photograph and then the living model; we have a pattern in forming the character of our students: first photographs seen in our moral nature, in the Ten Commandments, in the Sermon on the Mount, and then the living Model, born in Bethlehem, living thirty-three years a perfect life, overcoming all vanities and inventions. We do not aim to make Maronites, or Greeks, or Catholics, or Protestants, or Jews, or Moslems, but we do aim to make perfect men, ideal men, God-like men, after the model of Jesus Christ, against whose moral character no man ever has said or can say aught. Opinions may differ about His origin, His nature, His death, His resurrection, His future and a thousand other questions that cluster about His great Name, but the Image of God in man, the breath of God in the soul, man's moral nature must recognize in the moral life of Jesus Christ the perfect model of human conduct.

Sir, it would be affectation in me if I should say that I am not personally gratified at this expression

of your interest in me, as well as in the College. I thank you and your Committee and, through them, all those whose loving thoughts and liberal gifts set in motion the drill and the wedge on that mountain in Italy.

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As indicated above, the present chapter was to have terminated with this speech. Even as the proof thereof was on its way to the Adirondacks, in the hopes of bringing a message of cheer to the sick-bed of Howard Bliss, the soul of this worthy son of a worthy sire was passing from the earth. The manuscript of the volume he had seen and approved. It is fitting that in this very chapter, devoted to his father's Presidency, his own work, almost fifteen years of which had been lived in intimate coöperation with that father, should be touched upon, however briefly. It is most fitting that the tribute to his character should be in the words of a lifelong friend, Professor A. D. F. Hamlin of Columbia University, son of the first President of Robert College, that twin sister of the College at Beirût. But before presenting this tribute, which took the form of a letter to *The Evening Post,* New York, printed on May 20, 1920, we may relate a few events of the last six years of the life of Howard Bliss, which led up, almost inevitably, to his death.

The first indication for the Americans in the Turkish Empire that their position in the land was to be completely altered appeared with the sudden announcement in September, 1914, that the Turks had abolished the Capitulations, under which all foreigners had for centuries enjoyed extra-territorial privileges. There soon followed the proclamation of a new Educational Law,

providing for strict supervision of foreign schools, with stringent restrictions in the matter of worship and religious instruction, and with demands for a new emphasis on the Turkish language. Dr. Howard Bliss obtained successive postponements of the date when the Law should become operative as regarding the College, and was thus enabled to bring the matter in person before members of the Cabinet in Constantinople, where, after the Commencement of 1915, he proceeded, partly by American man-of-war. His interviews with the Minister of Education, as well as with Talaat Bey and Enver Bey, resulted in an adjustment that made it possible for the College to go on with honour and dignity. Cordial interest in the institution had already been evinced by Djemal Pasha, War Dictator of Syria. But in the local Civil Governor, Azmi Bey, Dr. Howard Bliss found, on his return, a powerful antagonist. This strong administrator, ever on the lookout for some handle to use against foreigners, seizing upon a plausible pretext, succeeded in securing the sympathy of Djemal for his own attitude of hostility towards the College. But he did not count on the tact, the fearlessness and the perfect frankness of the President. In a series of interviews with the Dictator, Dr. Howard Bliss not only arranged a satisfactory adjustment of the incident, but so convinced him of the altruistic aims of the College as to cement a lasting friendship and coöperation. How the local Governor struck another blow at the College, when diplomatic relations were broken off between the United States and Turkey, has already been related. For two weeks from April 22 to May 7, 1917, the institution was closed, or rather its active work was suspended, except in the School for Nurses. But, doubtless owing to the influence of Djemal Pasha, the College was reopened and

never closed again. Moreover, wheat and other supplies were obtained from the Government at Army rates at a time when the market price had become prohibitive. Even Azmi Bey relaxed his hostility, and, before his resignation in the Summer of 1918, showed as much interest in the institution as his cold heart would permit.

So much for the relations of the College to the Government as far as the main issues were concerned. The details of business falling on the President are too numerous to chronicle. We may indicate a few. Official visits were unceasing: calls upon the Governor, the Chief of Police, the Recruiting Officer, Consuls of many nations, the Director of Public Instruction, the Head of the Imperial Medical Faculty, Turkish Military Officers, etc., etc. Sometimes these visits surpassed half a dozen in the day, extending to midnight, when, as might happen, Dr. Howard Bliss was called to town, often in the storm, to go surety for some student arrested on the question of military service. In the intervals of visiting he had not only his ordinary administrative duties to perform, but there pressed upon him the especial problems created by the War, of which the financial was not the least. As early as November 3, 1914, he was appointed United States Deputy Marshal, and, with his Faculty, outlined plans for protection and defence. And, though untiringly supported by his colleagues, he was finally responsible for keeping the Campus an oasis of peace in the midst of a desert of war—an oasis where the educational life could proceed as normally as possible. He presided at entertainments in West Hall, which often attracted crowds from the city. He preached more often than had been his wont. He inspired with courage the Egyptian students, exiled from their home—marooned, as it were, by the War. He ex-

tended sympathy to the Armenian students, who knew, or, worse, did not know, of the tragic fate of their dear ones. He worked for the welfare of local Ententist nationals. And, though the duties of the hour were insistent, he ever looked towards the future, presiding frequently at meetings of an Efficiency Committee, whose discussions covered every feature of College life as it was and as it might be in years to come!

The Entente Occupation of October, 1918, removed a great weight, but at the same time it created fresh problems for the future to settle. In January, 1919, Dr. Howard Bliss proceeded to Paris, where he remained a number of weeks, actively interested in the question of self-determination for the Syrians. By request he addressed the Council of Ten at the Peace Conference. But the lifting of the peculiar strain of four and a half years, the chill of a Paris winter, the change from a Spartan diet to one of greater variety—all these circumstances had an effect upon his constitution of iron. He arrived in the United States in March, a sick man. A few weeks in his beloved Jaffrey appeared to restore him to a measure of health. Here he composed what was destined to be his last written message to the world, the article entitled "The Modern Missionary," published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1920, only a few days before his death. During the Autumn and Winter he spoke in many places of the needs and opportunities of the College and of the needs and opportunities of Syria, sometimes three times a day. On Sunday, February 29, at New London, Connecticut, he was suddenly attacked with hemorrhage. At the Presbyterian Hospital in New York, where he was taken a few days later, his doctors diagnosed his complaint as tuberculosis. On April 23 he was removed to Saranac Lake, where so

many lung patients have recovered. But it was too late. He passed peacefully away, in the presence of his family, on the evening of May 2. By his own request he was buried in Jaffrey, New Hampshire, which, through all the changes in the scenes of his active life, had remained for him a true Summer home. He was ever a lover of the Mountains. On Mount Lebanon he was born; among the Adirondacks his spirit passed away; under the shadow of Mount Monadnock his earthly body rests.

We may now give place to the tribute of Professor Hamlin:

While States and cities and communities are vying with one another in doing honour to the memory of their war heroes—the men and women who on the battlefield or in hospitals or at sea gave up their lives in defence of human rights—let us not forget those who in less dramatic fashion have sacrificed themselves and finally surrendered life in the same high cause. The death of Howard S. Bliss, late president of the Syrian Protestant College at Beirût, ended the life of such a patriot, one of that noble band of American missionary educators who have done and are doing more than diplomats and men-of-war and commercial agents to make the American name and the American flag not merely respected but loved in Eastern lands.

No titles of reverend and doctor were needed to proclaim Howard Bliss a Christian, a scholar and a gentleman in the highest sense of each term; he was all these long before he received handles to his name. I have known him from his boyhood and

seen the fine promise of those early years superbly fulfilled as each new opportunity for usefulness came to him and was seized and made the most of. In the several pastoral offices he occupied he was preparing himself unconsciously for the highest of his services—the presidency of the great American college at Beirût, in which he most fittingly and brilliantly succeeded his distinguished father, Daniel Bliss.

For eighteen years he filled that difficult and strategic post, under the exacting and dramatic conditions of the proclamation of the Constitution in 1908, the dethronement of Abdul Hamid the following year, the disturbances of the Tripolitan and Balkan wars and the tragic years of the late World War. In all these trying circumstances he kept his poise, never made a mistake, conciliated enemies, conquered obstacles that would have daunted less heroic souls and kept the college going without interruption. He was a diplomat without official diplomatic commission, but one who scorned intrigue; high-minded, generous, sympathetic; and all Syria formed its conception of American character and culture upon the picture which he in his own person, and the college under him, presented to her view. Arabic was to his childhood like a second mother tongue, and the Oriental character and ideals were ever an open book. He dealt with the people as one who knew and understood them and sympathized with them. His fine personal presence and distinguished bearing simply expressed

the nobility and beauty which they recognized to be inherent in his soul.

He has left his monument to the Arabic East and to Syria in the College; he has bequeathed to us another monument in his paper on "The Modern Missionary." No more powerful, convincing and eloquent apologia of the missionary enterprise as that is understood and conducted to-day has been uttered. Though in a grave among the New Hampshire hills his body lies, worn out by the privations and labours of the last six years, he yet speaks to the world in that masterly utterance and will long continue to speak words which in this distracted and selfish age sound like the inspired message of a divinely-commissioned prophet. And such he indeed was.

PRESIDENT HOWARD SWEETSER BLISS

IX

FRIENDSHIP, RECREATION, TRAVEL

WITH the house of Dodge, Daniel Bliss had a dynastic friendship, ranging through four generations, from William Earl Dodge, Senior, to his great-grandson, Bayard, who married one of Dr. Bliss' granddaughters. He has already told us of his acquaintance with William Earl Dodge, Senior, made at the Massasoit House in Springfield, in 1862, at the Annual Meeting of the American Board, and of the beginning of the friendship, which meant so much to Daniel Bliss the man, and to Daniel Bliss the future President of the College, as well as to Syria and to the whole Near Orient. The beautiful and spacious home at 225 Madison Avenue—alas! since pulled down—became indeed a home for him during the times when he visited America. When he actually stayed in the house, Mr. Dodge asked him to open his mail, and to select the letters which should be answered. Mr. Bliss thus often saved the famous and very tender-hearted philanthropist from yielding to impertinent though plausible importunity. With William Earl Dodge, Junior, who succeeded his father as trustee of the Syrian Protestant College, Dr. Bliss also had a warm friendship. In the meantime, William Junior's son, Cleveland, had become a trustee of our friendly rival, Robert College, but his interest in the Beirût institution was practically demon-

strated not only by the gift of the wonderful Social Building, West Hall, which became the centre of recreation and relaxation for all Beirût during the tense years of war, but by giving us his son Bayard to be its director.

But the great friendship of Daniel Bliss' life was with the Reverend D. Stuart Dodge (the third son of William Earl Dodge, Senior), Secretary and later President of the Board of Trustees. Their correspondence, ranging through half a century, ran to thousands of letters. In it is the outer and inner history of their beloved College—all its hopes, fears, plans, aspirations, failures, successes. Never was there greater harmony between the Man at the Front and the Man at the Base. This unity of ideal and purpose was indicated by the signature "S. and M.," often playfully used by both these friends in their mutual correspondence. Readers of Dickens' Christmas Carol will recognize the allusion: "The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names. It was all the same to him."

Dr. Dodge's visits to Beirût were many and his sojourns often long. When with his family, he would hire a house for the season. When alone, he would live with us. He has taken active part in every phase in the growth of the College. He was its first Professor of English—enthusiastic, strict, inspiring. He aided in superintending the work of building, for through the first quarter century or more of its life the College had no master-builders but its own Faculty, working from plans made in America. How well we children remember watching our father and Mr. Dodge as they counted out the exact change for each workman against the Sat-

urday pay-time! How eagerly from our summer home in the Lebanon we scanned the hill tracks below for the first sight of Jack and Jill, climbing up in the twilight to the stable which they had left at sunrise, bearing from the sweltering city the master builders, already refreshed by the cool, high air.

Dr. Dodge's last visit to Beirût in the flesh—he has never ceased to live there in the spirit—was made during the Winter of 1889–1890, in the gracious company of his widowed mother, then in her eighty-fifth year, but full of an enthusiasm that fairly rivalled her son's. For six weeks it was high festival for the American community and for all friends of the College.

The other American friends and acquaintances of Daniel Bliss include many of the men prominent in his day. He was intimate with Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, whose son Teddy rode along the lanes of Beirût, forming the third on a donkey which bore at the same time two of Dr. Bliss' own sons. He met Mr. Lincoln at the White House, Mr. Seward, in post-war days, in Beirût. Of his lifelong affection for Professor Tyler of Amherst College and for Dr. Washburn, President of Robert College, we have already spoken. In 1876 he crossed the Atlantic in company with James Russell Lowell, with whom he walked the deck in all weathers. Of many of his English friends he has written in his Reminiscences.

His friendship, once given, was deep, lasting, trustful, but not demonstrative. With the exception of college chums, I do not remember that he ever habitually called any friend by his Christian name. Among his colleagues in the American Mission and College, he was the most intimate with Dr. Thomson, author of "The Land and the Book," Dr. Henry H. Jessup, his fellow voy-

ager on the *Sultana* in 1856, Mr. William Bird, born on the same day with himself and Dr. George E. Post, surgeon, botanist, Arabicist, orator, author, brilliant conversationalist, and practical engineer. The mutual esteem between himself and Mr. Butrus Bustany, compiler of the first Arabic encyclopedia, whose school was intended to be a preparatory school for the College, was amply proved by its surviving a temporary disagreement. Among other highly prized Syrian friends were Mr. Michaîl Araman, Mr. Naameh Tabet and the Greek Catholic Priest Gebara. A real comradeship existed between Dr. Bliss and Rustem Pasha, that brilliant and inflexibly just Governor of the Lebanon, and later Ambassador to London, by birth an Italian nobleman, but for many years in the Ottoman service. "You and Dr. Post are the only people to whom I can open my heart," he once exclaimed to President Bliss, "with every one else I must be on my guard."

In the course of the travelling season many unexpected visitors knocked at the door of the President's residence, or made the tour of the College. One day in the late seventies Dr. Bliss heard voices in the Museum, and entering found the Professor of Geology explaining the fossils to a powerfully built man with striking features and flowing white beard, accompanied by his wife, a short, stout, comfortable-looking body. "This is the President," said the Professor, "but these strangers have not told me their names." "I believe," said Dr. Bliss, "that I have the honour of welcoming their Majesties the Emperor and Empress of Brazil," and indeed it was Dom Pedro with his wife. Twenty years later he met the German Emperor at the Prussian Hospital, which was until January, 1918, under the medical charge of our Faculty. Tentative arrangements had

been made for a reception at the College, but at the last moment the Emperor sent word that his Chancellor could not fit it into the programme. "What is the use of being an Emperor," a disappointed student cried in unconscious prophecy, "if you can't go where you like!"

You never knew what well-known persons might turn up next to share the simple hospitality of the Marquand House. One day it might be James Gordon Bennett, another day it might be Father Hyacinthe Loyson, or Sir William Temple, or Canon Cheyne, or Sir Charles Watson (the Watson Pasha of Egyptian fame), or Dean Howson, or William Walter Phelps, or John Wanamaker, or Whitelaw Reid, or Richard Watson Gilder. In later years, after Dr. Bliss had moved from the Presidential residence, which nevertheless continued to be a home for him, the visitors included William Jennings Bryan, Lord Bryce, the Bishop of London, Sir Mark Sykes, ex-Vice-President Fairbanks, and Djemal Pasha.

His chief forms of recreation were reading and riding. In literature he instinctively chose the best, but he loved the best of many kinds. What he could not stand was the bizarre, the "precious." He had the elements that go to make a great scholar. That he did not become such was his unconscious sacrifice, made that others might haply become great scholars. He was too busy "serving tables" for serious and systematic study. The Bible, Shakespeare and Milton were his favourite books. It was his habit to read through "Paradise Lost" yearly. His copy of Shakespeare bears the dates when he read this or that play aloud to his wife. His interpretation was both intellectual and dramatic. Julius Cæsar was his favourite play.

I can hear his voice—solemn, melancholy, meditative—in the lines:

> You all do know this mantle, I remember
> The first time Cæsar ever put it on;
> It was a summer evening in his tent,

suddenly taking on a triumphant clarion ring in the words:

> That day he overcame the Nervii!

With what eagerness I listened to Beerbohm Tree, in his magnificent revival of Julius Cæsar in 1898, wondering whether he would attempt a similar effect! He did.

Our father loved to read aloud Browning's Saul. He had an affection for the poems of Aldrich and Sidney Lanier. When he got hold of a good novel he lived the life of the characters. Dombey and Son were his companions on an ocean voyage, and his journal-letter to his family marked his daily progress in the story, with his comments thereon. His written comments on George Meredith's "Richard Feverel" were read to its author, who listened with grave appreciation, while his daughter declared that this was the best criticism that her favourite novel had ever evoked.

His usual excellent health owed much to his love of a horse. When he left the city for an excursion of a couple of days in the mountains, he left his work and its cares behind him. But many a problem he worked out in his long, solitary afternoon rides in the environs of Beirût: along the murmuring beach, in the narrow, cactus-hedged lanes, through the mazes of the olive forest, over the open sand dunes. But he loved also to ride

in company. It was his amusement to invite the new American tutors for a ride, remarking that they must not expect an old man to go too fast; and then with a slight pressure on exactly the right spot, to start his horse into a sudden gallop, which kept him far ahead of the astonished youngsters. No wonder they all adored him.

He never dismounted to lead his horse, no matter how precipitous might be the descending path. He used to say, "If you keep in the saddle and the horse falls down, why, there you are; but if you are walking ahead and the horse falls on top, why, where are you?" His control over horses was unusual. I have seen him go up to a rearing and plunging stallion, grasp him firmly by the reins, and quiet him with a word and a look. His endurance was great. In October, 1886, when he was over sixty-three, he left Zahleh (a town on the east slope of the Lebanon) in the morning and rode to the top of the pass, 4,500 feet above sea level, and then down to his home by the sea—a distance of some thirty-five miles. Soon after his arrival, a wire came from Zahleh announcing that his son-in-law, the Reverend Gerald Fitzgerald Dale, whom he had left in the morning making light of a slight indisposition, was dangerously ill. Almost immediately he was again in the saddle, and, accompanied by Dr. Post, was retracing by night the thirty-five miles to Zahleh, arriving at two o'clock in the morning—but too late, as Mr. Dale had died about midnight.

In the early spring of 1868 Mr. Bliss made a horseback excursion to the Barûk Cedars, some 6,000 feet above Beirût, to secure a log of cedar for a pulpit for the Church to which he belonged in Amherst. The following letter to his wife's uncle, Mr. Luke Sweetser, describes the adventure:

Without attaching any sacredness to timber that grows in Mount Lebanon, we were pleased with the thought of sending a good log of the same wood that Hiram, so many centuries since, sent to King Solomon. We have failed, however, in the attempt. Last summer my wife and I started for the mountains but on the second day she was taken ill and we were compelled to return. Again the time was set when I was to go alone, but before the day arrived I was taken sick with a fever, which kept me confined till the College demanded my time in Beirût. We were fully determined not to give up the undertaking, so last November I started at half-past two in the morning, rode twenty-five miles on horseback, changed horses and rode five miles more on the summit of the mountains. I had three men with me to cut the tree, and to roll the log to the foot of the steep slope, where I had engaged a man with his camel to meet me. The weather had been clear when I left the last village, so I had left my rubber clothes there. Before the tree was half cut down, however, a storm rose up from the sea and threatened us with a heavy fall of rain. A retreat was ordered, but before we had gone a half a mile, the rain, snow and hail fell, accompanied by such a wind as one seldom meets. After half an hour's run, we came to our horses and then rode to the village. We were, of course, thoroughly drenched through. The next morning early I started back to Beirût amid the hardest storm of the season, leaving the cedar half cut down, standing in the snow

where it has continued in the deep drifts till this time. On approaching Beirût, I saw the Boston vessel which was to take the log to America, driven on the sands where it now lies a wreck.

Now I suppose the pulpit will be made of the more valuable wood of America, even if it is less noted in the history of the world. The fact is that the nearer a man gets to the sacred places the more unholy he becomes. Jerusalem is one of the most corrupt places on earth. A few travellers take home Jordan water to baptize children with. It is all well enough—my fancy does not run that way. If any one in Amherst supposes that cedar from the Lebanon is better for a pulpit than oak or chestnut from Pelham, I am glad I failed in sending home that log.

This story has a happier conclusion than Mr. Bliss had anticipated. Later in the year he found that the storm had broken off the half-cut log. This was sent home and now forms part of the Amherst pulpit, which also contains olive-wood, also sent by Mr. Bliss. The Communion Table of Chester Cathedral is also made of cedar and olive-wood which Mr. Bliss sent to Dr. R. W. Dale for his chapel in Manchester, but which arrived too late and was turned over to their common friend, the Dean of Chester.

In the summer vacations Dr. Bliss often joined an extended tenting-trip. The Cedars of Lebanon formed his favourite haunt. By the way, the Cedar Tree is the College emblem. His last visit to the grove was made in his seventy-ninth year, with myself as a sole companion.

We rode in easy stages from four to six hours only, stopping twice on the day's march, once in the middle of the morning for coffee and again for a more extended rest at lunch time. (Dr. Bliss recorded the length of each stage to a minute.) In the meantime the mules, laden with the cook and tents with their furniture, had passed us; so that as we drew near we found the camp in perfect order and a blessed cup of tea awaiting us. If we liked we stayed over a day in some lofty spot: at the wonderful Natural Bridge, one hundred feet above the ice-cold stream that flows from the Fountain of Milk (the Fountain of Honey is not far off!) or by the ruined temple close to the three glorious cascades reminiscent of Venus and Adonis. The towering, rounded cliffs still remain, but alas! a land-slide has since almost abolished the ruins, and has destroyed much of the picturesqueness of this Afka valley. Under the shade of the ancient Cedar Grove, 6,500 feet above the sea, we tarried many days, wandering about by day, lulled to sleep at night by the crisp sound of the wind in the boughs, as of waves lapping a pebbly beach. It was here that there was wafted to us the terrible news of the shooting of President McKinley. A day or two before we broke camp, encouraged by my father's splendid condition, we rode off on a long afternoon excursion. Before we arrived at the town from which by another path we were to turn back "home," I noticed that a strange stiffness appeared in my father's figure. Presumptuous youth then made an attempt to assert itself against intrepid age. "Let us stay here at the house of the Governor," said I, in a tone that I tried to render final, "and we will send a messenger to camp to tell the servants not to expect us till the morning." "*Ride on,*" he commanded briefly. And ride on we did, though the stiffness gained on him,

Courtesy of Professor Nickoley.

At the College Gate.

darkness was gathering and the path became at times but a three-foot ledge descending along the face of a precipitous slope. My father's condition when we reached the camp scared the attendants, but when the next day he was again himself and my beautiful horse fell sick—he died soon after—they heaved a sigh of relief and said, "It is his redemption!" After this Dr. Bliss was content with shorter rides. Yet a photograph of him on a coal black Arab mare, taken when he had entered his ninetieth year, shows the erect carriage of a general.

Although on his visits to America and England he covered over 80,000 miles, yet Dr. Bliss was little of a tourist. He was too intent on his journey's end to stop by the way. The ordinary routes in Palestine he knew, but in Syria he never went further north than Hums. Twice he visited Constantinople on business and twice on a holiday. He never saw Cairo or the Nile, notwithstanding the insistent demand of the College graduates in Egypt. "If you and Mrs. Bliss will visit Cairo," exclaimed one of these, "you need go nowhere you don't wish to, and I will stand at your door day and night to keep you from people you don't want to see!" College business took him to scores of places in the United Kingdom, but he never saw Germany or Holland or Belgium. In 1885 Dr. and Mrs. Bliss passed several weeks in Switzerland, where they had gone to meet their son Howard, whom they had not seen since he had left Beirût and the College, seven years before. Dr. Bliss was then sixty-two, but he joined his son in long tramping excursions, including the ascent of minor mountains. In the spring of 1891 he rode into the camp of his eldest son, who was then excavating the remains of Lachish—

that Lachish where once "the Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold." With what eagerness did the father—close on seventy years of age—follow each detail of the work of the son! The fellahîn workmen gave moonlight dances in his honour. The Arab Sheikhs paid their homage. The Commissioner for the Museum at Constantinople took him for a little private excavation near by, and declared that a find of a charming little Phœnician "tea-set" (a characteristically humorous anachronism, for Ibrahim Effendi was a wit) was due to the Blessing of the Old Man. Three years later, both Dr. and Mrs. Bliss passed a few weeks at Jerusalem, where I had begun to trace the buried ancient city walls in a series of tunnels, which were never too tortuous for my father to inspect.

Eighteen years before his visit to the excavation camp in Palestine, Dr. Bliss had himself taken an active share in an important exploring expedition. The caves, through which a subterraneous branch of the Dog River flows near the mouth of that historic stream, were visited by Dr. Thomson as early as 1836. Lack of a boat prevented his following up the underground river. In the autumn of 1873 the engineers of the Beirût waterworks (then under construction), Messrs. Maxwell and Huxley—the latter a nephew of the great Huxley—bound themselves with Drs. Bliss and Brigstocke in a solemn league "that they would either explore some of the mysteries mentioned by Dr. Thomson or show that no other man could." The results of their three visits were summed up by Dr. James Robertson in the "Good Words" for November, 1875. The explorers traced the stream in a winding course of three-quarters of a mile, through low, narrow passages which connected huge, lofty caverns, adorned with stalactites and stalagmites.

In the flash of the magnesium light some of these showed a pearly whiteness, others a reddish hue. "In one place they suggested in their regularity the pipes of a great organ; in others they expanded their heads like roses on gigantic stems." The picturesque names given to various features indicate their variety: The Pantheon, The Chandelier, The Pulpit, Styx, Chaos! The party made use of rafts and boats, but were as often in as out of the water. It was a bold, hazardous enterprise and many of the Beirût ladies threatened to send a protest to Mrs. Bliss, who was in America. But her husband had himself already written of his trips. The second excursion he found "too wonderful to describe." This time, as his letter shows, the party pressed in their way one thousand yards. The stream was deep and still; the width of the river ranging from twenty to fifty feet; the height from the surface of the water to the top of the cave, from thirty to one hundred feet. They came to one column forty feet high and forty-five feet around, extending from a gallery on one side of the river to the roof. In the light of the torches it shone like alabaster. They had entered the cave about twelve o'clock and had gone on and on till it was thought best to return, lest the lights should fail. They guessed it was four or five o'clock as they approached the mouth of the cave, where some of their men were waiting for them. Great was their astonishment to find that it was eight o'clock in the night! Camp was an hour and a half away, but a nice dinner had been sent to them, together with beds, on which they slept with much enjoyment out in the wilderness.

After Dr. Bliss' resignation in 1902, as already related, the graduates in Egypt and the Sudân declared their intention of presenting the College with a full-

sized marble statue of its first President. This plan found an unexpected obstruction in Mrs. Bliss' attitude against it, but when it transpired that an Italian sculptor had already been chosen, and when there came the respectful but insistent demands for photographs and measurements, she declared that "if it must be done at all, it shall be done properly!" Behold, then, this pair, then nearing their eightieth and seventy-third year, respectively, starting off alone to discover the studio of Signor Bacci, in the Italian mountains near Seravezza. The end of this search is vividly described in a letter of Mrs. Bliss to her children:

Do you know where we are? Well, we are at Viareggio, twenty minutes by train from Seravezza, the home of the sculptor, M. Bacci, and so at our journey's end. We took a room here for twenty-four hours, hoping to find lodgings near the artist, and then lunched at eleven, and took return tickets for Seravezza. On arriving, we found not even a room at the station and just one broken-down carriage, and to our dismay were told that the artist lived three miles off—half-way up the mountain—and that we must take our train again at half-past four. Our carriage was engaged, which never appeared, but finally an honest-looking driver appeared with the worst looking carriage we ever set foot in, entirely without springs; and for a mile over the worst of roads I felt every jolt in the top of my head and I really feared what the result might be. After about a mile the driver suddenly turned down a side-road to a small stable, and took

out his horse, and we did not know whether we were to be deserted there or not. But without a word he brought another carriage, not elegant but much more comfortable, and I felt my brain was saved. Then on and on through deep dust, and up, up, passing only one decent house, and further up the mountain, passing immense yards, filled with slabs of marble, till finally we stopped at a low, seemingly unattractive house, and were told we had arrived at M. Bacci's. Now I had endured all this fatigue and discomfort that I might see the sculptor's face when he should first see your father. And I was amply repaid. As he came out to welcome us and saw the dear man, such a look of awe and admiration and reverence came into his face as one seldom sees. He took us in through several immense rooms, filled with exquisite statuary, finished and in all stages, with many busy workmen; and at last opened the door of a small room—and there stood on a pedestal the life-size figure of your father—so dignified and grand—and at first the head and face seemed almost perfect! It filled me with awe to think such work could be done without having seen the living model. It seems we had arrived at the supreme moment. The first moulding of the face was nearly finished, done from Papa's photograph of 1892, and it was stuck into the clay at the shoulder. The moulder was not M. Bacci, but he stood and paid close attention, making frequent suggestions. . . . Papa put on the gown which the sculptor calls a "toga," and was asked to sit in a

chair which was placed upon a table and then the moulder began to work upon the face from the living model, so swiftly and deftly: putting in a line, half erasing it, adding a bit of clay here and there, all adding life and naturalness, until the whole was transformed into a living, speaking likeness. A pleasant young fellow who knows French was called in and we conversed or, at least, I made him understand my suggestions, which were thankfully received. Papa posed an hour and a half and during the last half-hour the young art-student took me through the rooms to show me the works of art, and I saw also the work in all stages of it. I had thought of a sculptor as sitting alone before a block of marble, wrapt in visionary genius and his own conceptions, and had no idea of the practical help which must be had from many hands, in the midst of dust and the clashing of the instruments of many workmen. Monsieur Bacci is short, thick-set, and has one of the kindliest, sweetest faces I ever saw—a true gentleman, always the same whether he was addressing us or the workmen. . . .

On Tuesday we were off at eight-thirty for our last visit to Seravezza and the sculptor. We found him the same genial man as ever, and he gave us glad welcome. I found the face a little too old, as the Committee wished it like the photograph of 1892, and it was wonderful how the adding a bit of clay the size of a pea to the cheeks put back the age just right. The lengthening or shortening, the deepening or erasing of a line here and there made

such wonderful differences in the expression: I almost felt I could see the whole secret of the sculptor. They worked also on the hands and feet, and I began to wonder how they had been able to do anything without Papa's presence, and that if the statue is to be worth anything as a likeness, how it is worth all the efforts we have made to help make it so.

After about an hour the head and face seemed finished and I was invited to go up-stairs and rest, while they finished the work on the gown. I gave a parting look at the noble figure, and felt that M. Bacci had put "his heart into the work, and the heart exceedeth every art."

On their return trip the travellers visited Florence, Naples and Rome. Here Dr. Bliss astonished and delighted the guide by mounting the pulpit in the Forum and delivering in spirited tones the speech of Brutus to the citizens. The still more surprising Odyssey, undertaken by this indomitable couple three years later, will be touched upon in the next chapter.

X

THE LONG TWILIGHT

WHEN a man reaches his eightieth year he may be said to have reached the twilight of life. The phrase, however, must raise a smile on the faces of those who were associated with Daniel Bliss for the thirteen years that followed his eightieth birthday. If twilight it was with him, it was the long and luminous twilight of the Northern Seas, differing from the light of day only in mellowness and peace. In resigning the active Presidency, to become President-Emeritus, the active duties of Dr. Bliss did not cease. For some years he continued to conduct his classes in Bible and Ethics, sometimes two periods in one day. He attended Faculty Meetings until 1912. He was constantly at Prayers and the College Assembly. Occasionally he preached. He made daily visits to watch the progress on the new buildings. He superintended the setting out of trees. He was the ideal President-Emeritus: his advice, when sought, was ever ready; when this was unsought, he kept still. He did not say, "I might have told you so," when the lintel over a new doorway cracked and had to be supported by a column producing a double entrance, unplanned by the architect. It

was while he was overseeing the workmen on a trench, dug for the foundation of one of the College Hospitals, that there became manifest the illness which for ninety-nine men out of a hundred, in their eighty-fifth year, would have been the last. Whether incipient paralysis brought on the fall into the trench, or *vice versa,* has never been determined. A slight dragging of the leg, noticeable a few weeks previous, points to the former explanation. The loss of power, physical and mental, was very gradual. He seemed to be gently relaxing his hold on life, up to the moment when his doctors gave him up, and then by as gentle gradations, his physical and mental powers were restored in fullest measure. The second stroke, feared by us all, never came.

It was in the spring of 1910 that our parents unexpectedly announced their intention of taking advantage of a favourable escort for a visit to America. "We can always be buried at sea," said our mother. After this there was nothing more to be said. The sight of this holiday couple of about eighty-seven and eighty years respectively touched the imagination of the reporters who met the steamer in New York and produced at least one "story" that verged on literature. It was Commencement Week at Amherst. On Wednesday Dr. Dodge motored up from Simsbury with his old friend, and together they sat at High Table at the Alumni Luncheon. When Dr. Bliss was called on to speak, the whole house—floor and gallery—rose

spontaneously. "That sight," declared a chum of mine who had come to celebrate his thirtieth anniversary of graduation, "was alone worth the trip from Nevada."

A few days after, Dr. and Mrs. Bliss settled in pleasant lodgings at Clifton Springs, little dreaming of the weary months they were to stay in that village. Early in August they were joined by their son Howard, and proceeded to Madison, Ohio, to attend a reunion of Bliss relations summoned to meet them from other parts of the State, from Michigan, from Missouri. Then followed a week of happy festivity, with drives to various points associated with Daniel's youth. On August thirteenth they returned to Clifton Springs, and we spent the evening in reading letters from Syria. The next morning Mrs. Bliss fell with a stroke of paralysis and on the following day was removed to the Sanitarium. Many times we were warned that the end must come in a few hours, but with the turn of the year came such improvement that she was considered fit to take the journey back to her own home, under the charge of her daughter, Mrs. Dale, Superintendent of the College Hospitals, who had hastened from Syria. Some ten days before the sailing, my father travelled to New York to sit for the portrait desired by his Alma Mater. The sight of this patriarch, with his long white hair, his striking clean-shaved face, his straight figure wrapped in a fine-spun, golden-white Syrian Aba or dust-coat, moved conductor and passengers to ask who he

might be. When he appeared in the studio for his first sitting the artist exclaimed: "Good heavens! What a head! I am so excited I do not know how to begin."

While he was in New York the graduates and friends of the College gave a reception for Dr. and Mrs. Bliss. Owing to the necessity of a short notice, many invitations had to be declined. Mrs. Bliss, of course, could not attend. Among the many individuals present, many types might be counted. A silver cup was presented. The surprise of the evening was the speech of Daniel Bliss himself. He seemed to have shed twenty-five years. For ease, grace, wit, appropriateness and strength of voice, he had never surpassed that evening. His introduction was most happy. "As I stand before you to-night," he began, "I am reminded of my first speech made as a child in a country schoolhouse:

> "'You'd scarce expect one of my age
> To speak in public on the stage!'"

The anxious voyage home was made in comparative comfort. Life in Beirût went on much as it had before the glad-sad journey to America, save that Mrs. Bliss could no longer take an active share therein. She lived for about four years after her return, fully realizing the love around her, often showing her old wit and sparkle, especially when callers were brought to her, but without feeling the impress of many passing events. Thus, most won-

derfully, she was spared the tragedy of the War which devastated the world for about the last two years of her life—and far longer! Not so her husband. Over his last years, otherwise so peaceful, was cast its black shadow. I think he felt it more than any of us. Never a pacifist, in the sense of "peace at any price"; a passionate believer in the cause of the Allies; never faltering in his hope of their ultimate victory, he was agonized at the horrors which its waging brought to mankind in general and to the starving poor about him in particular. He refused to believe in the failure of the Dardanelles expedition till the grim facts were finally forced on him. Would that he could have foreseen the details of the triumphant campaigns of Palestine and Syria! His thirst for news was never quenched. "Go down-town," he would say to me almost daily, "and bring back the news—true, if possible; at any rate *some* news!"

The tragic realization of the War, however, was not an obsession. He had many happy hours. He loved to gather around his table at Thanksgiving, at Christmas, and on birthdays, his children, his grandchildren, and his great-grandchildren. (His own ninetieth birthday had been celebrated in 1913, with happy local festivity, and by numerous letters from all parts.) In the afternoon he would sit on his lofty balcony, watching the passing of the trams below as well as the day students returning home. One day Tchelebi Effendi, head of the Mowlawiyeh or Whirling Dervishes, whose function it is to gird

The Ninetieth Birthday: Dr. Bliss With His Great-grandchildren

the Sultan with the sword on his mounting the throne, passing along looked up and saw the figure on the balcony. "I must go up and salute him," said he. And up this Moslem notable went and bent to kiss the hand of the Christian Missionary who, according to his custom, withdrew it before the humble salute could be made. Such is the honour paid in the East to honourable old age.

He welcomed to his home friends, old and young. When they found him alone, he would depart from his usual peaceful silence and revive many a fascinating tale of his youth and early manhood. This reticence, which had grown upon him, was really one of his best weapons in the battle of life. When there was nothing to say, he said nothing. Once he quoted to us a somewhat impertinent question which had been asked him. "What did you say?" we exclaimed. "Nothing," he replied. "But was not that embarrassing?" "I left that to the other party," he said. He always left the embarrassment to the other party.

His reticence covered his own religious feelings. These he expressed in his life, in his prayers, sometimes in his sermons, seldom or never in conversation. When his honour towards God demanded it, his wrath was as a flaming sword, but usually he influenced others by his example, by his kindly spirit, by his faith in them, rather than by precept and admonition. It is told of him that waiting towards midnight in a corner of a street in lower New York for a friend with whom he was to visit

some Night Mission, an unmistakable woman of the town came up to him and said, "Are you looking for me?" Dr. Bliss bowed courteously and said, "I think, Madam, you are mistaken." The woman burst into tears: "Good God!" she said, "I did not mean to insult a gentleman." He then could say to her what he would.

In theology he inherited the Calvinistic tradition which is traceable in his early sermons. But he gradually, almost unconsciously, adopted the modern views such as are interpreted in the writings of Lyman Abbott—not that he followed him or any other man. His convictions grew fewer, simpler, stronger, deeper. He never confounded the means with the end. "What are Incarnation, Crucifixion, Resurrection," he wrote to a friend, "but means whereby man may die unto sin and live unto righteousness?"

The beginning of the last year of his life found him little changed from what he had been for some years past. We continued to hope that he might complete his centenary. Through the Autumn he made his daily tour over the campus and continued to attend Prayers and the College Assemblies. At one of these he made his last public address: "I have seen many wars," he said, "and all of them have come to an end. This war will come to an end. God will turn and overturn till He shall come whose right it is to reign."

On New Year's Day, 1916, he paid calls on two or three very old friends. Such a New Year's call he

had paid at one of these households half a century before. But as the year advanced he found the sixty odd steps, leading up to the second floor which he occupied, harder and harder to climb. He left the house less and less often. In May he watched from a carriage the Annual Field Day Sports. On the Fourth of July he attended the picnic supper of the Anglo-American Community, held under the trees of the Marquand House garden, listening with delight to the singing of the children. On June eleventh he was wheeled on to the Commencement stage and together with Dr. Dodge (the latter, of course, *in absentia*) received the Honorary Degree of Doctor of Laws. He had often likened himself to Holmes' "Wonderful One Hoss Shay," which ran for a hundred years and then one day fell apart all at once. The analogy turned out to be essentially true, but without the suggested violence. The various parts of that almost perfect machine, his bodily frame, quietly ceased to function at the same time. He always did the right thing at the right moment and having done with this life, he left it. On Wednesday, July twenty-sixth, he was dressed and sitting up in the Court, asking "What news?" At eleven on the morning of Thursday, July twenty-seventh, after recognizing his daughter and his two elder sons, who stood by the bed, he gently ceased to breathe. Hundreds looked on his face for the last time the next day in the Mission Church, when was sung his favourite hymn, "Rock of Ages." Hundreds stood around the spot of earth where his body

lies near to the other Saints who gave their lives for Syria. His spirit lives, as it always lived, in God. His spirit lives, as it always lived, in the life of his students, from Russia to the Sudân, from the Philippine Islands to the Pillars of Hercules.

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